

# COUNTRY LIFE

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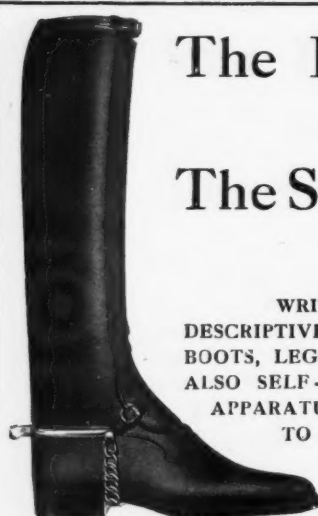
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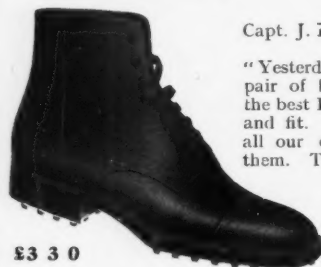


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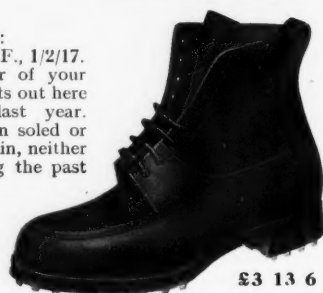


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# COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XLI.—No. 1068.

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E. O. HOPPE

VISCOUNTESS MAIDSTONE.

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# COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

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## LORD RHONDDA'S FOOD POLICY

LORD RHONDDA has succeeded to the office of Food Controller at a very opportune moment. He might have come in during the middle of a job, whereas he enters at the beginning. Broadly speaking, it may be said that, as far as 1917 is concerned, the ploughing and preliminary preparation for food production is ended, and the business of the next three or four months will be to conserve that food and make it go as far as possible in what threaten to be the lean weeks of next winter. The situation at present is frankly unsatisfactory. If the country

is to be maintained in a thoroughly efficient condition, food must be as plain as you like, but plentiful and wholesome. There is no worse policy on earth than that of promoting semi-starvation, which could only be justified by a situation much more desperate than what yet faces us. Many intelligent and thoughtful men who have looked carefully into the food question and all that it connotes are of opinion that by making full use of the resources at our disposal and attending carefully to the difficult problem of distribution everybody in this country could be satisfactorily fed as long as necessary. Everybody must, of course, submit to certain conditions. People must learn to do without dishes that are exceptionally fine and luxurious; but it wants a man of sense to discriminate. In the old Napoleonic Wars, as Cobbett tells us, the poor were saved by pudding. It was then that localities earned the reputations they now possess for producing from the oven or the pot a pudding that was at once appetising and satisfying. For many a long year after the practice prevailed in farmhouses where the labourers were boarded at the farmer's own table, and in the kitchens of the poor of serving out the pudding before the meat with the object of reducing the consumption of the latter. The housewife's aim then was to produce something that would effectually satisfy the appetite of her people, so that they would be either inclined to miss the meat altogether or be unable to do full justice to it. Very likely some such course as this may be forced upon the rural population during the present war. We cannot tell how long it will last. The world's cereal crop is going to be very considerably below the average; the submarines threaten for many a long day to check the importation of food into this country, and so one of Lord Rhondda's objects must be to save and put to the best possible use the resources that are in the country.

On the second item in his programme he has already touched in a communication which has been issued to the public. This is the regulation of prices. There must have been immense profits made in food during the last three years, in spite of Lord Rhondda's declaration that "the man who seeks to profit by the necessities of his country at this hour of her peril and when thousands are cheerfully making the supreme sacrifice in the cause of liberty is nothing short of a blackmailer." Unfortunately, as long as human nature remains what it is there will always be vultures who look upon every necessity that arises only in regard to the possibilities of turning it to their own account. Articles of food have gone up enormously in price without any justification that is visible to the outsider. We know, for instance, why butter should be dear. There is a very largely increased demand for it, and its importation is difficult. But the rise in the price of meat has been out of all proportion. There is plenty of meat in the country and there is plenty that could be sent in. We hope Lord Rhondda's attention will be directed to this when he has made his first rearrangement, which he says "will be directed towards securing a reduction in the price of bread." He tells us that his sympathies are with the consumer, and we are glad to hear it, because the consumer has been very little considered up to now.

It will be interesting to see how Lord Rhondda tackles the question of the dear loaf. He can trace the process and its costs through every step. The price given to the grower is duly recorded, and ought to bear a definite proportion to the cost of the flour as it issues from the mill. We suspect that it is in the next two stages that unreasonable additions are made to the cost. First, there is the wholesale dealer who buys from the mill and sells to the retailer, then the retailer himself who sells to the consumer. It would take rather a big organisation to settle what in each type of goods would be a fair percentage of profit to allow the retailer; but Lord Rhondda, whose experience of business is unsurpassed, may be able to devise a method that will at least abate the grievance.

## Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece is a new portrait of Viscountess Maids:one. Lady Maids:one, whose marriage to the heir of the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham took place in 1910, is the only daughter of Mr. Anthony J. Drexel of London and New York.

\* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



# COUNTRY NOTES



IT is with exceptional pleasure that we to-day present our readers with a number mainly devoted to an appreciation of our youngest Ally, the United States of America. Great Britain is proud to have her sons fighting side by side those of France, Italy, and Russia, but blood is thicker than water, and there is a peculiar satisfaction in welcoming to the alliance our kinsmen beyond the seas. It would have been impossible to crowd into one number anything like an exhaustive survey of the history, activities and resources of the great western republic, but with the aid of willing and distinguished contributors (whom we heartily thank), it is hoped that readers will consider that good use has been made of the disposable space. One point at any rate emerges clearly. It is the continuity of American foreign policy. Much prominence has been given to that great President, Abraham Lincoln, first, because the words of comfort written to a bereaved mother half a century ago might have been addressed to the mourners of to-day, and, secondly, because the war policy enunciated with masterly clearness and precision by President Wilson is a logical sequence to that of Lincoln. In this connection it was felt very appropriate to show a medallion portrait of that "true son of God," as Malet called him. It is from the famous bust by that master of sculpture, Mr. V. D. Brenner.

SO far the most reassuring message which has come from

Russia is to be found in the address of M. Nabokoff at the luncheon of the British Empire Producers' Organisation. M. Nabokoff, to the great satisfaction of those who know him, has been appointed Minister Plenipotentiary in charge of affairs at the Russian Embassy. At the death of Count Benckendorff it was hoped that he would be appointed his successor. But there was a great deal of hesitation about this, due most likely to the uncertain condition of the political situation at Petrograd. At first M. Sazonoff, late Foreign Minister, was nominated; then, after the Republic had been formed, it was apparently decided to transfer the Russian Ambassador at Paris to London, and a new appointment was actually found for M. Nabokoff. It is a good tradition not to criticise the action of a foreign Government in regard to what is essentially its own business, and Great Britain would have extended a welcome to any well chosen Ambassador; but it is safe to say that no one could be found more acceptable than M. Nabokoff. He is a statesman of very progressive ideas, and shares them with his family. We can easily understand how, under the old *régime*, he might not have been thought the most suitable for the post, but he is well calculated to represent Russian affairs in London. In our country he is known as one who loves and admires England and English institutions.

APART from these considerations, the Russian Chargé d'Affaires is a statesman of the most absolute integrity, but also of calm temperament and clear intellectual insight. It may be taken for granted that he said not a word in public which was not absolutely sincere. That is, in the main, why importance should be attached to the hopeful view which he took of the present position. He is not at all

optimistic in his temperament, and more inclined to look at things in their worst than to clothe them in too rosy a light. The salient passage in his speech was preceded by the remark that "we may see in the recent battle of Messines a symbol of what is going to happen to Germany. After it, the Allies take it for granted that they will win," and he goes on, "I ask you to take it for granted that Russia will disconcert certain prophets, and will prove that her army is alive to its duties towards the friends and allies of Russia and humanity." These are temperate words, but their import is unmistakable. Englishmen will cordially endorse what the speaker went on to say further, namely, that Great Britain and Russia are allies, not only in arms, but in peace. A great friendship has grown up between the two countries during the war and in the years antecedent to it. It is deeper than a mere alliance, and if it is cultivated and cherished by Russian statesmen like M. Nabokoff and English statesmen of the same kidney, the very best results may be expected from it in the coming years.

## TO HILDA, DEAD.

To-day I heard a nightingale;  
And one who listened at my side  
(Minded thereby) in that green ride  
Told me that you were dead.  
I felt all youth, all beauty fail;  
You!—and that last word said!

Again I saw you as of old—  
Your vagabond and gallant air,  
The rainbow charm and debonair  
That made a child rejoice;  
Back through the years I heard unfold  
Your voice—your singing voice.

That lyric rapture, liquid, clear,  
Welling full-throated, soft and true—  
Was it the bird, or was it you  
Returned within my ken?  
Ah, be it long before I hear  
A nightingale again!

For that voice, that alone, I know,  
Could break my heart with notes of yours;  
That ecstasy that, trilling, soars,  
That starry, wild delight.  
I never thought to tell you so:  
And now it is the night.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

THE worst of it is that home truths such as Captain Bathurst gave to the meeting at Cheltenham on Saturday do not get home. If people only realised the danger that was impending, it would not be impossible for them to maintain the apathy with which they regard the future food prospects. Last month, according to Captain Bathurst, the rations of bread consumed were only one per cent. less than they were in May last year, and up to May there had been a large increase. How useless this is may be judged from the fact that an average reduction of twenty per cent. is necessary by every class except the poorest if want is to be avoided. The public seizes every favourable symptom as an excuse for thinking all danger is past. There is a falling off for one week in the number of submarine victims, and at once the impression is made that the submarine menace has been got well in hand. Captain Bathurst bluntly told his hearers that it is nothing of the kind. On the contrary, "there has of late been a great increase. The number of our ships attacked was much larger than two months ago, and ships selected for attack were of a heavier tonnage." Add this to the ascertained deficiency in the world's production of cereals and the gravity of the situation will be understood.

IN regard to another point raised by Captain Bathurst, he puts the saddle on the wrong horse. In speaking of the Government programme of converting three million acres of grassland to wheat, he laid emphasis on the doubt as to whether a sufficiency of fertilisers, machinery and labour could be procured. Now, this was not laying bare the bottom fact of the situation, which is that the farmers are not as a whole rising to the occasion. In a communication sent out by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders it is stated that the tractors being manufactured by the Government cannot deal with more than one million acres. Yet the farmers are "not even buying machinery for the full

cultivation of existing arable, because they are under the impression that the Government is making arrangements to plough their land this autumn." In other words, the one million acres stand a chance of being ploughed, the two million acres stand very little chance. The report further says that firms are hardly encouraged to manufacture or import the amount of machinery which they know will be requisite to cultivate the much-talked-of three million acres—or anything like it—while there is no more demand for their machines than if the importation were, and were likely to remain, uninterrupted. This puts a very different colour on the situation, and ought to be read in connection with a note which we published some time ago to the effect that when adequate labour is offered to the farmers they do not evince too much eagerness to accept it. The full note has been reprinted, and will be found in our number of May 5th.

THE provision of sugar for jam is, we are afraid, an ill fated enterprise. It was complicated by the regrettable incident that very shortly after the promise was made 40,000 tons of sugar were sent to the bottom in ten days by the submarines. Since then purchases seem to have been made with considerable difficulty, and those who have the privilege of obtaining what we may call "official" sugar for jam have also the privilege of paying about a penny a pound more for it than it would cost in the shop. We have not the circular before us, but the price charged is to be 7½d. or 8d., the shop price being about 6d. Of course, this does not in any way meet the case which we advocated last year and again this year, especially as only one-third of the quantity ordered is to be issued. There is no doubt at all that people who can afford to order sugar by the hundredweight and make jam from their own fruit in corresponding quantities will readily pay the enhanced price. The addition they can regard as a little war tax meant to meet the increased expense of purchasing these special consignments of sugar.

HOWEVER, it was not for the rich or even the moderately well-to-do that we argued, but for the poor. The cottager in the country may add very much to the store of winter provisions by obtaining facilities for preserving fruit. There is usually a garden attached to a country cottage, and if there were not, there are blackberries and crab apples on the hedges that may be had for the picking, and may be turned into wholesome jam for use in the winter months. Given any kind of flour, whether it be from a British cereal or not, an ordinarily competent housewife will provide a pudding that will be both satisfying and palatable if she has a large stock of jam. But we are afraid that the class most in need of this help will be unable to find the high price asked, and, therefore, as far as they are concerned, that the project will not be a success. What remains to be done is to urge those who are more fortunate in their circumstances to make as much jam as they possibly can, so that out of their abundance they may have a little to spare for their less lucky neighbours.

LAST week, as was stated in our pages, we sent to the Ministry of Food at Grosvenor House a sample of the bread to which reference was made, and had a reply, from which the following is an excerpt: "The bread which you sent to this Department was examined by the Bread Section of this Ministry, whose reply is that too much yeast has been used in the making of that particular loaf. The war flour itself is perfectly wholesome and does not account for the condition of the bread which you sent to this Ministry." This answer is not satisfactory. Samples of bad bread have been shown the writer several times a week for the last month or more. The baker before the war was generally reputed to make the best bread in the district and is a very honest tradesman. We replied to the Ministry of Food offering to send, if they required it, "samples from twenty loaves that all go the same way, produce the same evil smell, and are absolutely uneatable." The explanation of too much yeast offered by the Ministry was that suggested at the very first, but it would not hold water. The bread is repugnant to the taste and a very small quantity of it produces stomachic disorders. It will be noticed that the reference is to a particular district, but that is only because we wish to speak from first-hand knowledge. Scarcely a day passes in which we do not receive information about bread in other districts producing indigestion of the same kind and having the same curious odour, which one correspondent likens to that of a decaying banana.

Such an assertion, made with a due sense of responsibility, is, we think, worth more than the off-hand reply of the Ministry of Food. We would in no way object to the most absolute simplicity, even to a certain coarseness, in food, provided that it is wholesome. But supposing the bread from which our samples were taken were fed to animals, who is there to find fault? Only the animals!

ON no question has the policy of the Government—or shall we say the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries?—been more hesitating than in regard to poultry keeping in war-time. At first the cry was, Cherish the hens; there is no food better for wounded soldiers (and nearly everybody else) than chicken meat and eggs. Everybody with a backyard was encouraged to start a pen of fowls. Later came a turn of the tide. Someone in authority had discovered that if you take ten pounds of good wheat and feed chickens with it, you will only make one pound of roast chicken; and this was regarded as waste. The ten pounds of cereals, if eaten as bread or porridge, would represent far more food than if by the little factory of the fowls' inside they had been made into meat. So the edict went forth that fowls were not to be fed on grain fit for human consumption; and, in effect, the order was that if they could not be supported on household scraps they should be abolished altogether. The drawback to that advice was that in well conducted households of to-day there are no scraps. What used to be regarded as such are cooked in the many curious ways suggested by those novel literary adventurers who have appeared in the newspapers under the name of food experts.

#### HOLIDAY IN WAR TIME.

To M. F. N.

There are no noisy London streets,  
No Huns, no guns across the sea,  
Only the morning sun that beats  
Down upon lawn and lilac tree,  
Lilacs and lawns in Arcadie.

No nightmare of appalling sound,  
Only the song of soaring lark,  
And when the twilight hour comes round  
Late-calling cuckoos in the park,  
And nightjars whirring through the dark.

While in the woods the pipes of Pan  
Give forth—at least for you and me—  
Promise of some diviner plan  
When in the peaceful days to be  
Shepherds come back to Arcadie.

ALFRED COCHRANE.

HAVING swerved first to larboard then to starboard, the Board has sat down to reconsider its course, and in the manner justified by long tradition has solved the problem by forming "an Advisory Committee to consider and report upon technical questions of poultry management and feeding, both in general and in detail, and on general questions of the organisation of the poultry industry, with a view to securing that the readjustment of the industry to war conditions shall be made in the most approved manner." This might be quoted not only as an exposition of the duties of the new Advisory Committee, but also as a choice sample of that official English which aims at saying as little as possible in the most circumlocutory fashion and with the vaguest words. What it all means we surmise—though it would be affectation to pretend that we feel any certainty in the matter—to be that a number of so-called poultry experts, members of this society and the other society, with a sprinkling of officials, have been nominated to enquire into the possibility of making bricks without straw; that is to say, of inducing hens to lay eggs without taking solid food. It is a promising subject of investigation, and we hope that fruitful results will follow.

A GREAT many people regard the potato as the only possible saviour of society in the coming hard times, but it will be necessary to treat him differently from the manner in which he has been dealt with in the past. Usually from July to Christmas the custom of country people has been to have potatoes galore—a big potful, at any rate, every day for dinner, and in some of the Southern Counties the overplus was mashed, fried, and turned out as a kind of bread to be eaten at breakfast next morning with the eggs and bacon dear to the English stomach. It is a good custom and worthy of extension.



## THE POSSIBILITIES OF DRYING VEGETABLES

**D**URING the past week we have received many communications personally and by letter with regard to this matter. Its very great importance makes it advisable to place the situation before our readers. Universally it is agreed that there will be urgent need for husbanding part of the abundant summer produce for the lean months of winter and early spring. Over the whole world war is interfering seriously with the production of food. That very grim fact needs impressing, while there is yet time, alike on the public and official mind. Even if there were no submarines, the world shortage drying up as it does many of our sources of supply, would cause a great deal of hardship. But the submarine will add to the difficulty by interfering with the transit of goods. Our dwindling shipping is yet another potent consideration. In that connection it scarcely needs pointing out that drying possesses at least one advantage over every other method of preserving what we may call wet food products. It reduces the bulk and weight. The degree varies with the vegetable, but probably 70 per cent. is a fair average.

Let us then see what is practicable. If a domestic system adapted to this country could be found, it would be very useful. At first we were very much in favour of it and, it may be remembered, published accounts of the several ways in which it is done in Holland and France. But these systems resolve themselves into forms of sun and atmosphere drying for which experts say our climate is not dry enough. Only a few useful articles can be preserved in this way, among them such common products of the garden as peas, broad beans, and haricot beans. Allotment holders should be encouraged to dry them in the ordinary way—they will form a most useful food supplement. But the greatest waste occurs with regard to vegetables used green, such as the various forms of cabbage. Nearly every gardener grows more than can be used in their ordinary season. Onions are sun-dried and kept, beets, carrots and potatoes are clamped, but many varieties of cabbage are merely wasted, partly from ignorance. For example, it is common to see fifty or a hundred red cabbages grown and only one or two used for pickling and the rest thrown away or given to the pigs, whereas the Continental housewife can produce a dozen toothsome and nourishing dishes from this excellent vegetable. Again, cabbages can be kept underground in a box or barrel for a considerable length of time; but these are devices only for those who have a very small quantity. Still they should not be overlooked. The plan most in favour is the co-operative one which we suggested in a previous issue. Everybody seems to like it, but here again the difficulties are practical. What is required is that a large drying plant of the Sirocco type should be set up in every district, county, or whatever may be the most convenient unit. The County War Agricultural Committees, or the Women's Organisation attached to them, could work the organisation.

Dr. Dunstan, the Principal of Wye College, who was the pioneer in English vegetable drying, tells us that he attaches the greatest importance to the drying of potatoes. On our remarking that the allotment holder usually saves his winter potatoes in a clamp or loft, his rejoinder was that when potatoes are plentiful they are used with extravagance, not to say waste, the small ones being thrown away or given to pigs. Besides, there is always a loss from disease in the clamp. A single tainted tuber will spread the disease till

a considerable proportion is lost. That is quite independent of the loss from frost; a danger against which it is reasonable to expect that safeguards will be taken after the severe lesson of last winter. And the transit of the dried article is so much easier, a very grave consideration indeed while we have our armies to feed. Finally, he pointed out that when drying assumes the form of making potato flour you have the tuber in the most convenient form for soup-making and kindred uses.

Indeed, the case for drying is so strong that it should be attempted this year, even if only on a small scale and tentatively. Frankly speaking, it is impossible to set up a plant in every desirable centre this year. First, because there are few plants in existence, and for reasons that everybody will understand it is hopeless to look for the manufacture of a new supply by the end of next month. Even the question of capital is serious. From various sources one learns that it would take from £2,000 to £3,000. In war-time, too, the expense of working would be abnormal. According to a manufacturer of these plants, it requires about a ton of coal to dry a ton of green vegetables.

What then can be done? Two proposals have been made, to neither of which is the Ministry of Food antipathetic. The first, which is tolerably certain to be carried out, is located in the South-Eastern district. Here there are a number of



Ward Muir.

KENTISH OAST HOUSES IN WINTER.

Copyright.

oast houses which will not be required to dry hops this year owing to the restriction placed on the brewing of beer. The idea is to utilise them for the purpose of drying vegetables. It would not be necessary to confine them to dealing with the produce of gardens in their immediate neighbourhood. Arrangements are being made for picking up vegetables in amounts of not less than half a ton. A great many growers would be glad of the chance to sell. In many districts there promises to be a glut of fruit and considering the cost of sugar and the difficulty of obtaining it, private people are not likely to buy for the purpose of making jam.



# AMERICA EXPRESSED BY NEW YORK

BY STEPHEN GRAHAM.

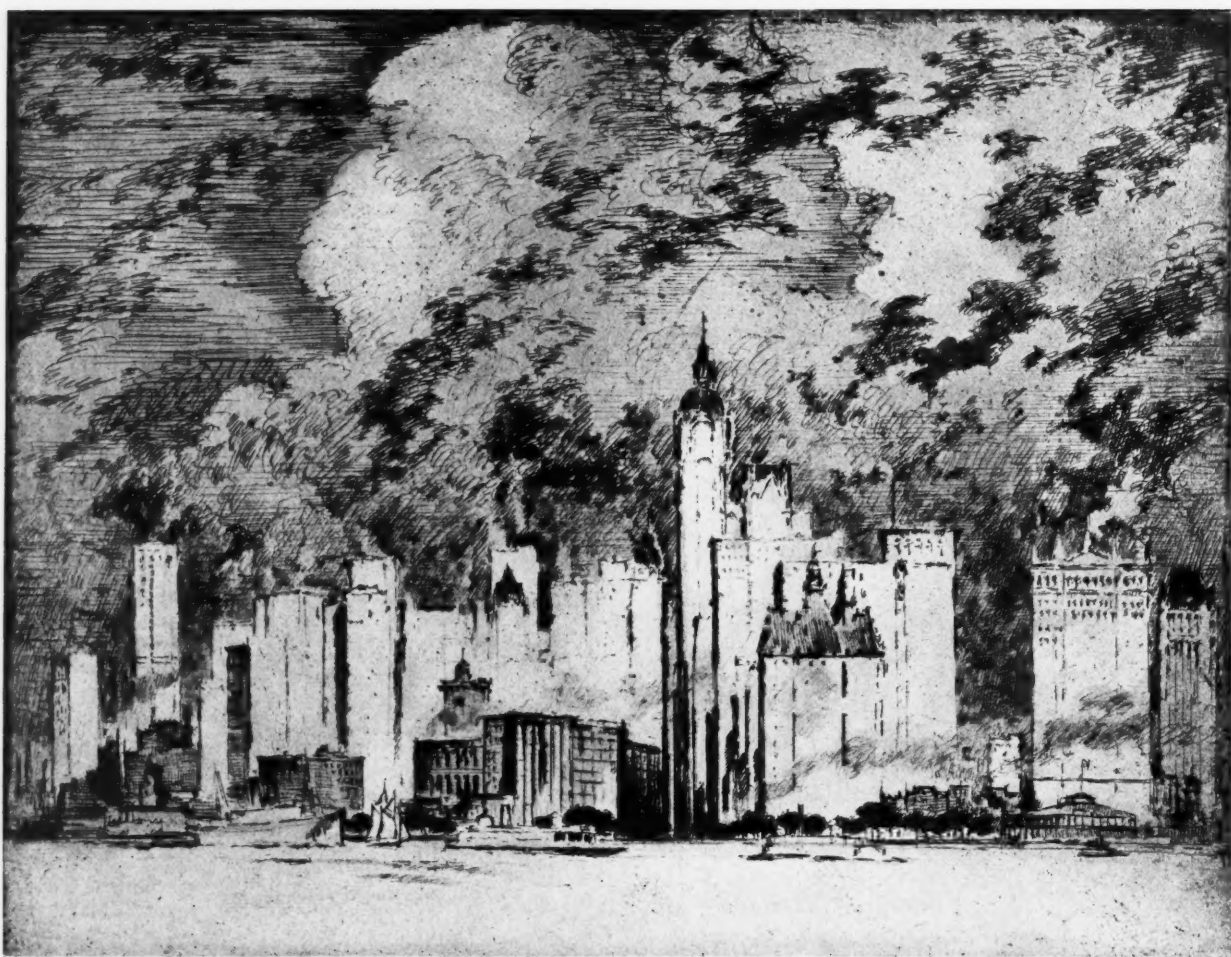
*Illustrated by Mr. Joseph Pennell's Etchings.*

EVERY nation expresses itself by what it builds or has built. The Pyramids stand to us for Egypt, the Acropolis for Greece. In Westminster Abbey England sees herself expressed, as in the Kremlin of Moscow with its marvellous churches Russia's soul is written. In the presence of these characteristic buildings it is possible to feel that a nation has expressed itself. And in the Old World, where nationality means most, there are great numbers of places of national expression. Our stones are all holy. It is therefore rather curious to find in the New World, where the nations are mixed and nationality means less than anywhere else, any great characteristic expression in art. Yet it is true of New York that its buildings are more characteristic of America than that ours are characteristic of us. It is possible for some to feel that the Abbey is a complete anachronism and that the Wesleyan Central Hall opposite it, on the site of the old Aquarium, is much more representative of the England of our days. But it would be difficult to say that

the fastest of liners proceeds in the stately courteous manner as towards the throne of a great queen.

The tallest buildings stand out in relief over the lower city and as they are of white stone you obtain the impression of great broad towers, beautiful and finished Babels, or else tents let down from heaven itself to meet earth. These are the sky-scrapers—heaven-touchers they ought to be called. They are wilfully built up into the clearer atmosphere of the day, they lift themselves up like America's moral efforts, one higher than another, towards the sky, and ever promising.

The height of these buildings can only be understood when viewed from a distance. But from a distance one gets a false idea of the rest of New York. It is as if there were a dozen high sky-scrapers and the rest was squat and low. But that is a mistake. For if these exceptional buildings were eliminated New York would still be astonishingly high. When you come into the city it is a London upon London, and sometimes a triple London—three Fleet Streets one



THE UNBELIEVABLE CITY.

the chief buildings of America are not characteristic or that the Woolworth Building, the New York Central Station, the Flat-iron Building or the view from the Hudson is not the spirit of America breathing in stone.

New York, despite hundreds of enigmatical phenomena and much sordid slum life, expresses America from the statue of Liberty in its harbour to the topmost storey of its mighty houses. Americans are proud of it and delight to view the great scene from the ferry steamers on the broad, placid Hudson River. We are accustomed to think of it as looking unspeakably vulgar, as it were the worst vulgarity of London intensified. But it is not so. Commercialism may have got power in the land, but it has been made to serve larger ideals. The appearance of this modern New York as seen from the Hudson, especially in early morning or in the haze of the July sun, is marvellous and majestic. It has the look of the greatest city upon earth. It has a gracious and mysterious personality into the presence of which ships come—they always come slowly into the harbour. Even

on top of another, with exterior staircases in case of fire climbing spirally upward, and sometimes every window and storey front printed over and gnarled with advertisements. On the level with the second or third floor an overhead electric railway of the most clangorous progress disports itself. You almost inevitably look down upon that from your office by day, and at night sleep without its sound making an impression on your civilisation-steeled brain and soul.

Way down, lower than this skeleton iron railroad, the little foot passengers walk in considerable gloom, and toy vehicles trickle past. The stone immensity on each side towers upward and the sense of it makes you small—small and yet proud if you are American, not depressed. All this vast fabric flatters civilisation and assures you that it means well, is great and worthy. The New Yorker obtains a reflection in his being of something big and he is the living consciousness of these mighty works. It is possible to compare him, greatly to his advantage, with the Londoner who stares at so many abortive buildings set up by penurious



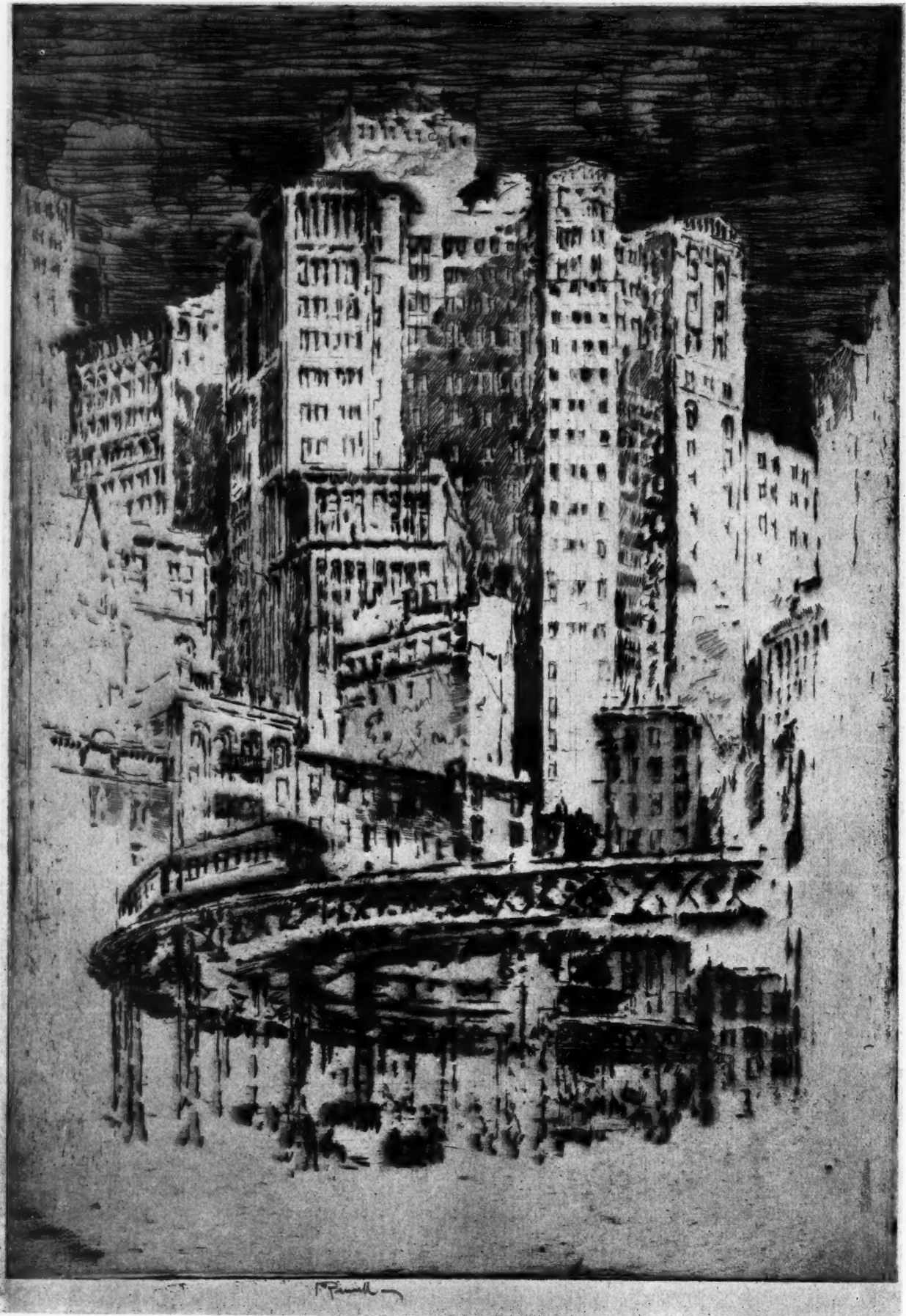
W. H. P. & Co.

HAIL, AMERICA!



companies that he has got the psychology or, let us say, pathology of ugly architecture written all over his face. The average American city man has developed a sort of racial self-consciousness regarding architecture; he rejoices in the good, and as regards the bad knows exactly the buildings he would like to have destroyed. It is even said that a wag

has sent a list to Berlin courteously hoping that if the Zeppelins come they will do a service to humanity and begin with those on his list. It is doubtful whether we would rejoice over any damage done to ugly parts of London, and where the great explosion took place we build the same slums as before.



THE CLIFFS, NEW YORK.





NEW YORK FROM BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

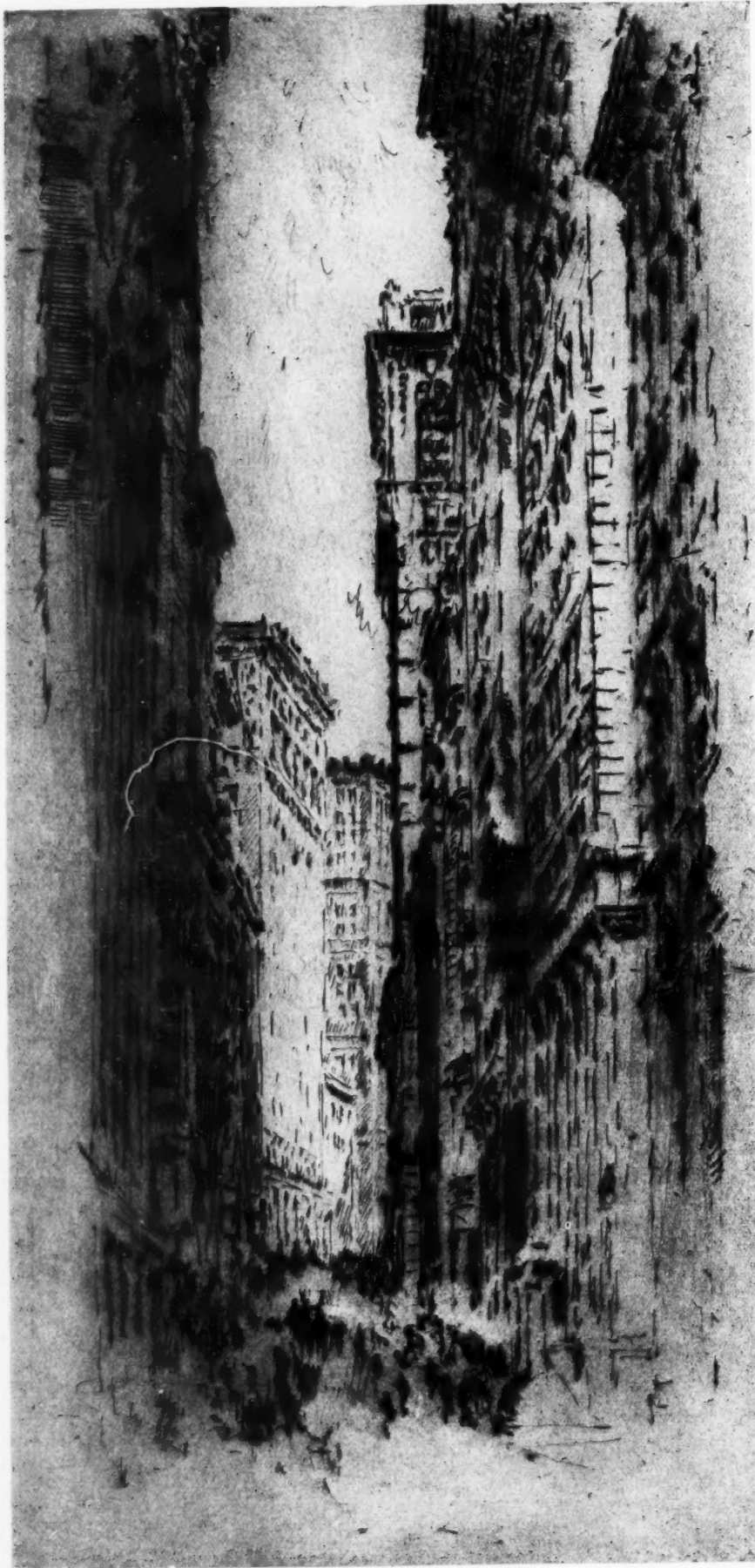
Perhaps we do not build any more to the glory of God because this has been done so wonderfully by our ancestors. Our best could not stand comparison with that best. All is temporary in the presence of such a building as Westminster Abbey. America was born without the burden of a great past, without the beauty also; but she was freer to express a new beauty. She was born at the dawn of the Commercial Era, cut our apron-strings in 1781 and has since then gone ahead. Progress and all the characteristic monuments of progress belong to her. She is the true West, as Russia is, and will remain, despite the revolution, the true East. We stand in the midst

of the world balancing the mystical and the progressive conceptions of the course of humanity. All our true expression lies in strength, whereas both the expression of Russia and of America is in efflorescence.

It flowers and it passes and then flowers again. America rejoices that even her most beautiful buildings are only temporary. She has pulled down cheerfully generation after generation; she will go on pulling down and building ever more fitting monuments of her spirit and intention.

America stands for ever increasing human progress, as progress is popularly understood to-day. She is "cleaning up" the world, standing against police corruption, the

spoliation of the public by trusts and bosses, the exploitation of the weak by the public houses. She wants to make the world a completely fit place to live in. Disease is to be eliminated by science, the hereditary criminals are to be segregated like lunatics and not allowed to marry and multiply. Labour is to be reduced to a minimum and there is to be no more striking by workmen, or war, or danger of war.



THE CANYON, WILLIAM STREET.

How much Germany has provoked is shown by America's participation at last in the war. She has forced America to go back on one of the greatest of her principles—peace. Reality has, in fact, demonstrated that peace is no golden rule and that there are positions in which being "too proud to fight" is rendered a *reductio ad absurdum*. Nevertheless there is no more unwilling combatant than America in the

war, and no nation comes into it more innocently, with cleaner hands. And the new nation through its President has shown clearly the spirit in which it enters the conflict. America fights to make an end of war. So do we all now. But the wish is more sincere and natural on America's part than on that of any other nation. She probably has a clearer vision or sees further.

Seeing that America has this positive faith, it is interesting to consider what sort of buildings are expressing her. What are these mighty and beautiful trees of stone standing as the foundations of a city in which will be no war, no disease, no sin? Are they churches? No; they are not churches. They are commercial buildings and establishments of civic utility and convenience. Though the religious organisations are vigorous they are not characteristic, certainly not characteristic in artistic expression. The lovely cream-coloured Woolworth Building, the highest in New York, is a gigantic hive of offices, thousands of offices, and its lift—*elevator*, as you must call it there—shoots up ward like a sort of heaven-going Tube with stations on its way to the sky. The most charming building in the city is probably the New York Central Railway Station, with its perfect arrangements for public and traffic, silent and clean stoneway, and galleries and purple roof imitating by perforations and lights the night sky. The Flat-iron Building, as it is infelicitously called, is the wonderful approximation of two great streets at the most spacious and advertisement-lit arena of Broadway. Like the Woolworth, it, also, is a commercial building. One of the most characteristic structures is that of the New York Central Library, which might stand as one of the new churches of America where people come seriously to worship at least at Learning's shrine. As the novelist Winston Churchill wrote, the librarian is possibly the priest of the future in America. The book becomes the church more surely than could have been dreamed. The beautiful buildings are commercial, educational, utilitarian; they are banks, newspaper offices, public libraries, schools, railway stations. Its ambitiously planned cathedral of St. John promises to be inferior to these. The Baptist chapels generally are ugly, but the fire insurance offices are beautiful. Thus is mighty America with its eighty million souls and their activity and dreams expressed by this the largest and first city. The spectacle is impressive and bids one think happily of the morrow of civilisation, American civilisation.



# THE AMERICAN NAVY'S SHARE IN THE WAR

By H. C. FERRABY.

THE United States has a naval frontier of 21,000 miles to guard. It was the third in rank of the great naval Powers at the outbreak of the European War, and it still holds that position. But the course of events since August, 1914, has altered very considerably the rôle to be assigned to American naval forces as part of the Grand Alliance, and it is not now to their super-dreadnought squadrons that we look for support so much as to their mosquito craft. It will have been noticed that the first American warships to be welcomed to our waters were destroyers, the most effective of the slayers of submarines. The German main squadrons are effectively contained by the British Grand Fleet. It is with the German submarines that America will have mainly to deal at sea.

This state of things has not taken the American naval authorities by surprise. There have been no keener students of the war at sea than the War Staff of the Navy Department, and as far back as the autumn of 1915 they began to mature plans for organising anti-submarine craft. Five volunteer motor cruisers were engaged in manoeuvres with the American submarine flotillas as an object lesson to the motor-boat enthusiasts, who are numbered in hundreds. It was proposed then to organise a Volunteer Coast Patrol, and last summer the great Civilian Naval Cruise which formed part of the Preparedness Campaign concluded with a review of several score of motor-boats of all sizes which had voluntarily been placed at the disposal of the Navy Department by their owners. The plan was worked conjointly with one for organising a great volunteer mine-sweeping organisation. The experience of Great Britain in this war had shown the world that however great a navy might be maintained in peace time, there would always be certain auxiliary services like the coast patrol and the mine-sweeping that would have to be expanded enormously to meet the needs of war. Britain had her amateur yachtsmen and her trawlermen to draw on for this. What has America?

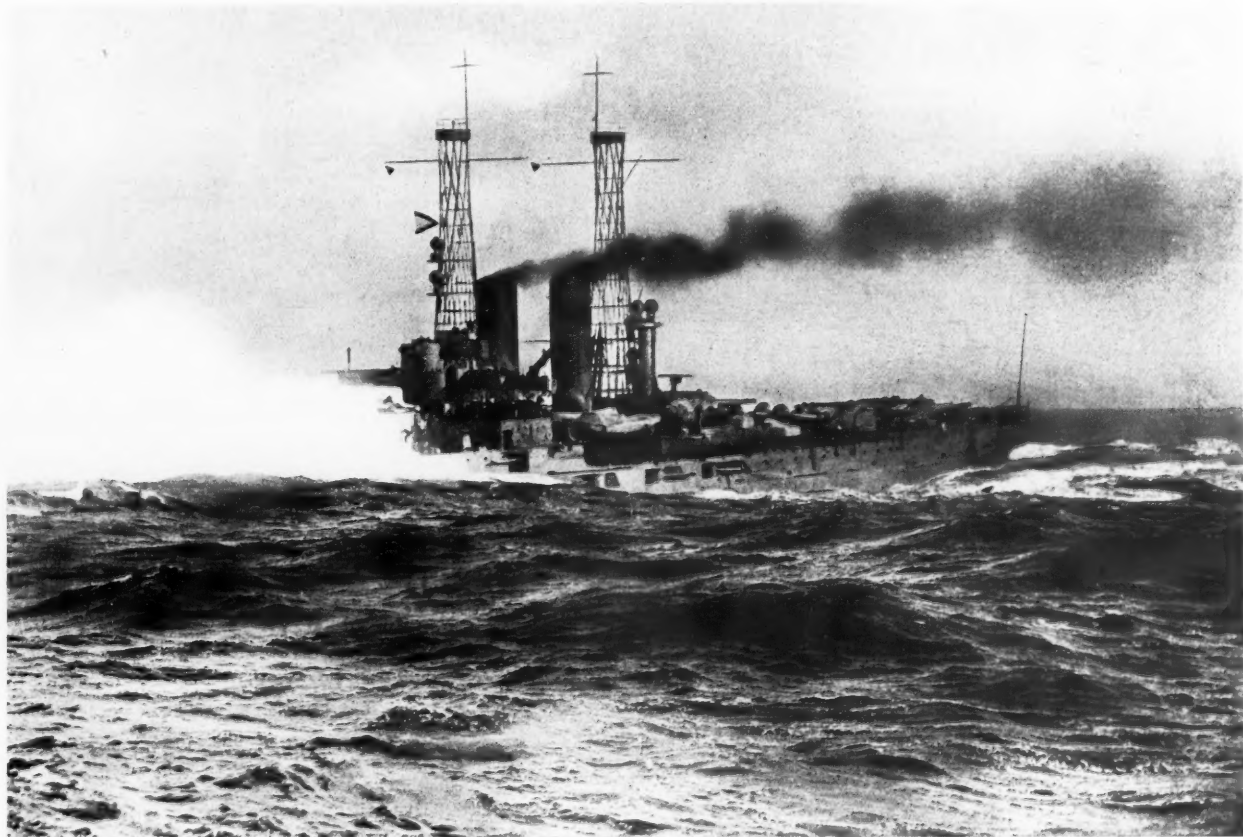
There are more than 3,000 vessels employed in fishing from the ports of the Mid-Atlantic States alone. There are

more than 45,000 expert seamen employed in those vessels. The Gulf States have nearly 1,000 fishing vessels with some 14,000 fishermen. All over the United States, including the fishermen of the Great Lakes, I should judge that there must be not less than 7,000 vessels and 150,000 men ready to form a great mine-sweeping and patrol reserve. This leaves out of account the many thousands of motor-boat experts, the yachtsmen and the amateur sailors of all sorts with their various types of craft. Regarding them I have no statistics, but they are of vast importance.

Patrol work is the main usefulness of the motor-boat. Harbours and bays must be patrolled night and day in war time, not only to guard against submarines, but also to prevent surprise by surface flotillas. For patrol work the motor-boats are provided with wireless so that they can instantly report any suspicious movement. Furthermore, the motor boats are useful for detective work among the creeks and shallows of the sea coast. Their very small draught enables them to move freely over shallows where the ordinary man-of-war would not venture, and so explore likely hiding places for stores for submarines and secret wireless bases. This work is especially important in the American Navy, which has immense tracts of coast to keep watch over, not only on the Atlantic side, but also on the Pacific.

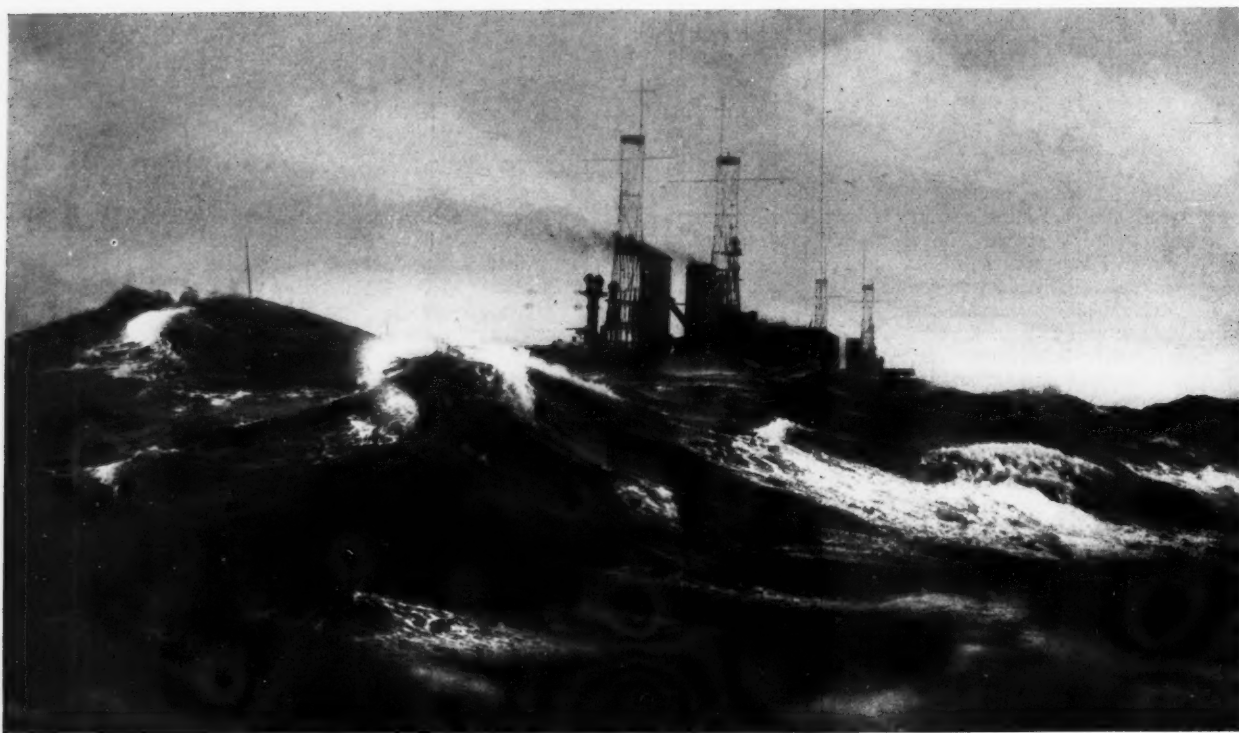
The building of motor-boats for naval purposes has already been standardised like the building of Ford motor cars. It is the boast of one firm that it has turned out during the war 550 motor-launches for a belligerent navy in 500 days. There is a special branch of the United States Navy Department concerned now with their construction, and it has been placed under the control of a famous Boston ship designer, Mr. A. Loring Swasey, and American boat builders have declared that the industry can produce 1,000 motor cruisers of the navy pattern in twelve months.

But while you can standardise production of machinery you cannot produce trained men by just turning a handle. That was a difficulty that we found when the war broke out, and we were patriotically supplied with scores of patrol boats



WITH HER NOSE IN IT.





AMERICAN BATTLE SQUADRON IN HEAVY WEATHER.

of all sorts that were urgently needed, but for which the regular personnel of the Navy was far too small to provide crews. We had, however, an elastic system in the Royal Naval Reserve and the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, and through that we enlisted men. The United States Navy has now copied our system. It has its Fleet Naval Reserve into which officers and men are passed when they leave the Navy after serving their full time, and the ordinary Naval Reserve, which is open to merchant seamen. The section that most interests us for the moment, however, is the Naval Coast Defence Reserve, for it is from this that the crews for the motor-boats will be produced. It will comprise all the amateur sailors and amateur wireless operators, and even landlubbers who can hardly pull an oar but are willing to be taught how they may serve their country in mining vessels, patrol vessels, and the thousand and one small craft that the French picturesquely call "naval dust."

The words "Coast Defence" in this connection must not mislead us into supposing that the men in it will only be used for service within the three-mile limit. They will go as willingly to the Caribbean or the middle of the South Atlantic, as our naval Volunteers have done, when the call comes to them.

The immense utility of the motor-boat for naval purposes is beginning to be appreciated all over the world. Some idea of the extent to which Great Britain has used them is given in a speech made at the last Motor-Boat Association meeting in New York by Mr. Henry R. Sutphen of the Elco Company, which has built many hundreds of motor-boats. "To-day there are six to eight thousand men in England serving in motor-boats," he said. "And those boats are guarding

British waters immediately round the British Isles and in distant parts of their possessions."

If I lay stress on this aspect of the activities of the United States Fleet it is because America has realised that almost the only danger to the security of her great naval frontier is by pin-pricks from under-water craft. Nothing but the annihilation of the British Grand Fleet could expose to peril the great strategic points of her Atlantic front—the Caribbean, which covers the Panama Canal and the Maine-Nova Scotia littoral in the north which covers her mercantile heart. A young American naval officer, in a very able essay on the subject, recently suggested that the ideal at which the United States should aim was three main fleets—one in the Pacific, one in the Caribbean and one in the Atlantic—the total strength of all three to be 36 dreadnoughts, 18 battle-cruisers, 36 scouts and 109 destroyers. The American Navy at present is far from that strength. There are 19 dreadnoughts completed, no battle-cruisers, 26 large destroyers and 42 small ones. The building programme as passed by Congress for the ensuing three years foreshadows 10 more dreadnoughts, 6 battle-cruisers and 50 destroyers. Even when this is completed in 1921 it will be seen that the total strength will not allow of a distribution in three fleets of the size suggested. Nor is it probable that the building programme, so far as big ships are concerned, will be much increased by the entry of the United States into the war. As I have shown above, the cry of all the Allied Navies at present is for small craft to fight submarines. We are all quite strong enough at sea to tackle anything that the Central Powers can put together in the form of a surface fighting fleet.

## THE FORESTS OF THE UNITED STATES

BY PROFESSOR AUGUSTINE HENRY.

**T**HE forests of the United States are, perhaps, the most remarkable that exist in the world. Whether we consider their vast extent, their economic value, the beauty and variety of their trees, or the accessibility of their timber, they are unrivalled. Before the coming of European settlers about half of the whole country was covered with trees. The original forest is estimated to have been 850,000,000 acres in extent, and comprised three distinct regions. The Atlantic region was a continuous forest over the vast territory that stretches from the western edge of the Mississippi valley eastwards to the Atlantic Ocean. Its area was colossal—over 1,000,000 square miles, or 650,000,000 acres. The Rocky Mountain

region, made up of scattered forests, covered about 110,000,000 acres. The Pacific region, extending inland over the Sierra Nevada, Cascade and Coast ranges, was about 90,000,000 acres in area.

This vast heritage has been greatly diminished. In the east there was little or no open land for the settlers, and clearings had to be made for farms and villages. Forest fires, felling for timber and grazing have also shared largely in the destruction of a great part of the original forest. At the present day the land under trees capable of yielding timber is estimated at 550,000,000 acres, or about 30 per cent. of the total area of the country. Nearly one half of the virgin forest has been annihilated.

The Pacific region is in some respects the most interesting and most impressive of the three regions, as it contains within its limits what may be termed the "climax" forests of our planet. If one were asked to name the most wonderful scene in the world, the reply might justly be the Redwood Belt of California. This is a band of continuous forest along the coast for several hundred miles ten to thirty miles



REDWOOD FOREST IN CALIFORNIA.

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in width, with millions of trees, many over 300ft. in height and averaging 400 to 800 years old. Nowhere else in the world are there trees so tall, so great in diameter, and so dense upon the ground. A single acre when felled has been known to yield 100,000 cubic feet of sound merchantable timber, a figure which may be compared with the 20,000 cubic feet which is the record of the best acre of silver fir in France.

Wonderful as the redwood is, it is surpassed in commercial importance by the Douglas fir, which is the chief tree of the Pacific region. It attains gigantic proportions in the States of Washington and Oregon, and yields a splendid timber which we import under the commercial name of Oregon pine. One-fifth of the existing timber in the United States is Douglas fir, which ranks first of all the species. Other valuable commercial trees in this region are *Thuja plicata*, or western red cedar, which is chiefly used for making roofing shingles, but is also cut extensively for telephone and telegraph poles; Sitka spruce, confined to the Pacific coast; sugar pine, an important timber tree in the Californian Sierras; western hemlock, coming into use for paper pulp; and Lawson cypress, known as Port Orford cedar in Oregon, where it is prized for shipbuilding and cabinet-making. Most of these trees are familiar to British foresters, as they grow with as great vigour in our climate as they do in their own home, and are destined to be of great service in coming schemes of afforestation in Great Britain and Ireland.

When we reach the Rocky Mountain region, which is diversified by mountains, valleys, plateaux and deserts, we are in a different climate, continental in character, with severe winters, hot summers and scanty rainfall. As a consequence the trees are much smaller than those of the milder and wetter Pacific region, and the forest stands yield much less timber per acre. Towards the Canadian border there are, however, in Montana and Idaho, splendid forests of western larch mixed with Douglas fir, yellow pine and *Abies grandis*. The larch here attains a height of 150ft. or 160ft., and yields a beautiful timber. Yellow pine, however, is the great commercial tree of the Rocky Mountains, and extends into the Californian Sierras, ranking third in the list of species. Lodgepole pine is common in the same regions, often covering vast tracts in the mountains at considerable elevations. It is a small, slender tree, utilised for mining timber, fence posts and railway sleepers. Engelmann spruce, which is

the characteristic tree of high altitudes, is also of some commercial importance.

The Atlantic region, though now greatly depleted in many States, still remains the great source of forest wealth. Its northern area is in the main a coniferous belt, extending from Massachusetts westwards to Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota.

The most important species here is white pine, the forests of which once covered 350,000 square miles of territory at the head waters of all the rivers from Maine to Minnesota. The only extensive tracts of white pine that remain are practically confined to the last-named State, as it has been nearly all cut away elsewhere. Moreover, a fungus imported with plants from German nurseries in 1909 now threatens to destroy utterly in America this valuable tree, the wood of which has special qualities, as it neither warps nor shrinks, and is very easy to work, so that for many purposes it is much in demand. Another important tree in the northern conifer belt is the spruce, of which three species are distinguished, the red spruce being the best. It yields a large amount of cheap timber, and furnishes also the greater part of the pulp wood that is produced in the United States.

On the better soils in New England, New York and Pennsylvania various species of birch, oak, maple, elm and lime are found; but broad-leaved trees attain their maximum development further south. In the rich loamy soils of the central States, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky and Tennessee, conifers are practically absent, being replaced by a wonderful profusion of broad-leaved trees, which form stands of timber remarkable for height and volume per acre. These trees, to mention only the most important, consist of oaks, a dozen species being large timber trees, several species of ash, various hickories and maples, red gum, black walnut, cherry, chestnut, poplar, several birches and elms, and the tulip tree, which yields the useful canary whitewood. A good deal of this valuable hardwood timber is exported to England.

The southern States along the coast from North Carolina to Louisiana abound in vast sandy tracts, which are occupied by valuable species of yellow pine, the most important being locally distinguished as long-leaf, short-leaf, loblolly and slash pines. This southern pine belt is of vast extent, its



FOREST OF WESTERN LARCH IN IDAHO.

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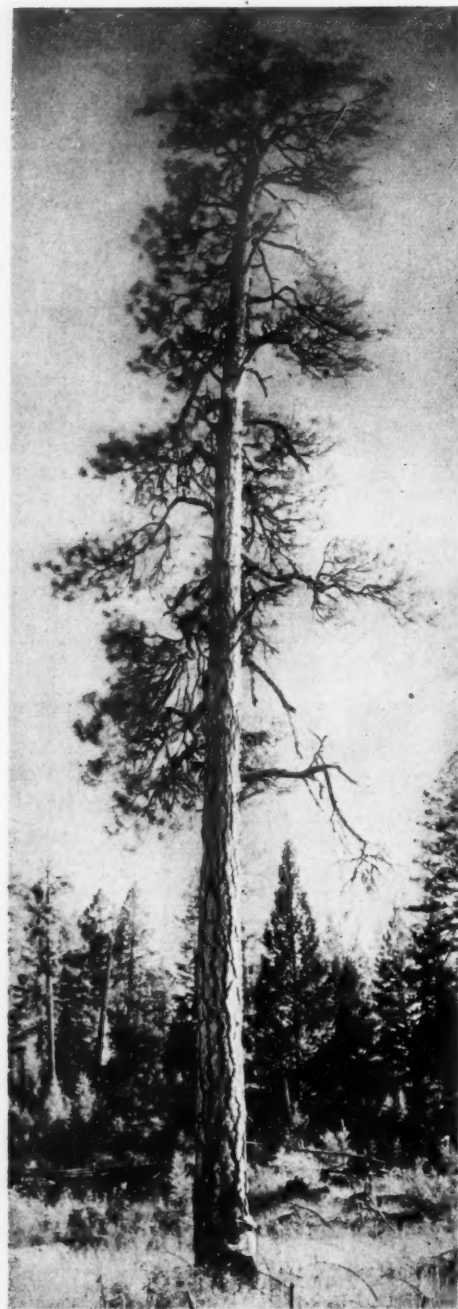
area being estimated at 150,000,000 acres. It yields not only splendid timber, which is known in European commerce as pitch pine, but also provides nine-tenths of the world's supply of turpentine and rosin. Another interesting tree in the south is deciduous cypress, which grows in swamps,



and furnishes an enormous amount of durable timber. Eastern red cedar (*Juniperus virginiana*) may also be mentioned, as from it we get the most of the wood out of which cedar pencils are manufactured.

As regards ownership, the forests of the United States fall into three classes: those in the hands of large timber companies, those owned by small-holders, and those which are Federal or State property. The companies control 240,000,000 acres, comprising the forests richest in timber, and estimated to contain about two-fifths of the total standing marketable timber of the whole country. Three companies—the Southern Pacific Company, the Weyerhaeuser Timber Company and the Northern

Pacific Railway Company—are noted for their vast possessions of timber lands, all located in the northwest. Scattered throughout the United States there are countless small-holdings, commonly designated wood lots, which often correspond in size and quality to woodlands on private estates in England. These wood-lots in the aggregate are said to cover no less than 200,000,000 acres, but they are poorly stocked and contain less than one-eighth of the whole timber in the country. The publicly owned forests include within their borders



YELLOW PINE IN MONTANA.

100,000,000 acres of merchantable timber, estimated as one-fifth of the total saw-timber now standing in the United States.

Private ownership entailed ruthless destruction of the forests, as no steps were formerly ever taken by those who cut the timber to provide for the growth of a second crop of trees upon the ground. This can be readily effected by modes of felling, which secure natural regeneration of the forests by giving the seedling trees favourable conditions for germination and development. Improved methods of forestry here resulted from Government action. Nothing in the political history of the United States since the Civil War has been more inspiring than the energetic measures which have been sanctioned by the legislature to preserve from



FOREST OF RED PINE IN MINNESOTA.

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WHITE PINE IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

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fire and to manage on scientific principles as much of the original forest as could be rescued from private ownership. The first effective step was taken in 1891, when an Act was passed which gave the President the right to create

forest reserves by proclamation. President Harrison immediately set aside 17,000,000 acres of forest reserves out of the public lands which had not been distributed to settlers. Gifford Pinchot, a man specially endowed with energy, tact and knowledge, became Chief of the Division of Forestry in 1898. Influenced by his ideas, virile Presidents like Cleveland and Roosevelt increased year by year the forest reserves,

enormous in extent, as they comprise the higher parts of the Rocky Mountain ranges, the Cascades, the Pacific coast ranges, a portion of the forest-clad coast of Alaska, some of the hills in eastern Montana and in the Dakotas, Oklahoma and Arkansas, and small areas in Minnesota, Michigan and Florida. There are now 162 National Forests in all, with an extent of 163,000,000 acres, not all timberland, as it contains a considerable amount of grazing and treeless tracts. Every facility is given by the Forest Service for the use of timber by miners and farmers, and periodical sales are made to timber merchants and railway companies. Besides the



BALSAM FIR IN SWAN RANGE, ROCKY MOUNTAINS, MONTANA, AT 7,000 FEET ELEVATION.

until they amounted in 1905 to 100,000,000 acres. In this year the Forest Service was constituted as it now exists, with enlarged powers and increased appropriations of public money. The name "forest reserves" had been unfortunate, as it gave the impression to the public that the forests and their timber were to be reserved and not to be used till some distant future date. This name was changed in 1905 to "national forests" by the Forest Service, whose able officers have clearly shown by their management since then that these forests are meant for immediate use. The National Forests are nearly all in the west, and are



WESTERN RED CEDAR (*THUYA PLICATA*) IN THE PACIFIC COAST FOREST, NEAR SEATTLE.

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National Forests, set aside out of the public lands in the west, there are mountain forests in the east at the head waters of navigable streams, which are being gradually purchased under the provisions of an Act passed in 1911. The purchase of 1,300,000 acres in the Southern Appalachian and White Mountains has been already sanctioned.

Other kinds of public forests than those owned by the Federal Government also exist. Thirty States have Forestry Departments, and fourteen States are reported to own over 3,000,000 acres of State forests, which are in some cases

not very satisfactorily managed. Nearly 300,000 acres of forest owned by various cities and towns have been acquired with the object of protecting the urban water supplies from contamination by impurities which are always present when water catchment areas are subject to farming or grazing, but disappear on afforestation.



DECIDUOUS CYPRESS IN DISMAL SWAMP, SHOWING THE PECULIAR EXCRESCENCES THROWN UP BY THE ROOTS.

*Reproduced by permission of the Forest Service, United States Department of Agriculture.*

It would be unpardonable to conclude this brief account of forestry in the United States without some reference to the manner in which the Forest Service promotes the practice of forestry generally by scientific investigations and diffusion of information. Its numerous bulletins, circulars and other publications excel both on the practical and theoretical sides, and are found useful in Europe and India as well as in America. The Forests Products Laboratory, established

a few years ago in Madison, Wisconsin, at a cost of £50,000, has now an annual appropriation of £42,000. Here researches on the properties, uses and preservation of timber, and on the manufacture of pulp and paper, are carried on by an able staff, equipped with magnificent laboratories and apparatus. The results obtained already at Madison are acknowledged by manufacturers throughout the country to be of great industrial value.

## THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

BY THE MASTER OF CHRIST'S.

**N**EW YORK CITY is very proud of the American Museum of

Natural History and, indeed, New York City has a right to be. For it was the City Fathers who erected and largely maintain this magnificent institution. Founded in 1869, the collections were at first housed in the old City Arsenal in Central Park, but the corner stone of the existing building in Manhattan Square, just at the west of Central Park, was laid by President U. S. Grant in 1874, and the first section was completed three years later. The Museum is one of the largest municipal buildings in New York, the south façade being 710ft. long and the total floor-space covers about ten acres.

The Museum is controlled by a Board of Trustees, on which many of the more eminent citizens serve, men such as Mr. J. H. Choate (whose death is only recently recorded), Madison Grant, Seth Low, William Rockefeller, J. Pierpont Morgan, and many more. Besides the grant which the Museum receives from the municipality there are other sources of revenue. An endowment fund exists, and members of the Museum, contributing \$100 a year, number nearly four thousand.

As very clearly stated by Professor E. Ray Lankester, the purposes of a great national museum of natural history are:

(1) To procure by its own explorers or by the voluntary assistance of independent naturalists the actual specimens upon which accurate knowledge of the animals, plants, and minerals of the earth's surface, and more especially of the national territory, is based; to preserve and arrange these collections



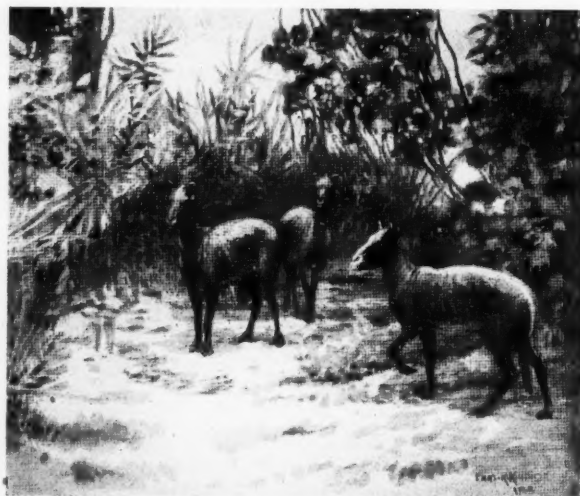
RESTORATION OF BRONTOSAURUS.

for study by all expert naturalists, and to facilitate, directly or indirectly, the publication (in the form of catalogues or monographs) of the knowledge so obtained, with a view to its utilisation, not only in the progress of science, but in the service of the State.

(2) To exhibit in the best possible way for the edification of the public, at whose charges these collections are made and maintained, such specimens as are fitted for exposure in public galleries, with a view to the intelligent and willing participation of the people in the maintenance of the Museum.

But the American Museum of Natural History goes beyond the conditions stated

by Sir E. Ray Lankester. It has from the first taken a very definite line on the subject of educating the public. When the new buildings of the British Museum



RESTORATION OF EOhippus, THE FOUR-TOED HORSE.

of Natural History were contemplated at South Kensington, Sir Richard Owen was keenly anxious to include among its many rooms a lecture theatre, but, unfortunately, he failed. But what he did not succeed in getting in London the American Museum has attained in New York, and the Lecture Room is constantly used. During the spring and autumn courses of lectures are given to the subscribing members, while a second series, free to the general public, is given in conjunction with the Board of Education on every Tuesday and Saturday. A very special feature in the educational efforts of the institution is the care paid to children, and elementary lectures are arranged for them at frequent intervals, while a short course of special lectures for the blind is arranged. The blind children are, as far as



BISON COW AND CALF.

VANISHED AND VANISHING.





A FLAMINGO COLONY IN THE BAHAMAS.

possible, supplied with models of the subject matter, so that what they cannot see they can feel. Even more remarkable is the attempt the authorities make to reach the school children of New York and the surrounding districts by its circulating collections illustrating nature-study. These collections are sent to the schools and are increasingly used. Five years ago no fewer than 1,275,800 children studied one or other of these collections. Frequent excursions to the Museum are arranged from the public schools of the towns, tram fares being paid out of a special fund, and arrangements are even made for lame children to be wheeled round in invalid chairs.

Of course, in every museum there is a great deal that the public never sees; like an iceberg, seven-eighths of its bulk is concealed. But the American Museum of Natural History makes a very brave show, and it is impossible in the course of an article to do more than allude to a few of the more important exhibits.

Curiously enough, although the title of the Museum is Natural History, plants form a comparatively small part of the collections. It is true that living bacteria are maintained and distributed free to recognised laboratories; also there is an adequate collection of plant galls—but there is nothing like the botanical department of the British Museum. The numerous exhibits of bird life and animal life, however, show these vertebrates in their natural surroundings among varied plants ranging from the flora of the mouth of the Mississippi to the Arctic regions, and these plants are all reproduced in wax in the most wonderfully vivid way.

On the other hand, and this we lack in South Kensington, the Museum is particularly rich in ethnological exhibits; those especially relating to the North American Indian are, perhaps, unrivalled, but the South American exhibits make a very good second. And this brings us to the fact that the trustees, by the aid of special funds (which they seem able



WHITE PELICAN, KLAMATH LAKE.

HABITAT GROUPS.



Dr. Robert Cushman Murphy.

A BLUE-EYED SHAG.

Copyright.

*A female on the nest, her throat and lower mandible palpitating, probably with fear.*



Dr. Robert Cushman Murphy.

A MOTHER JOHNNY PENGUIN WITH AN UNHATCHED EGG AND A TWO-DAY OLD CHICK.

Copyright

*The photographs on this and the following page were taken by skilled official observers.*



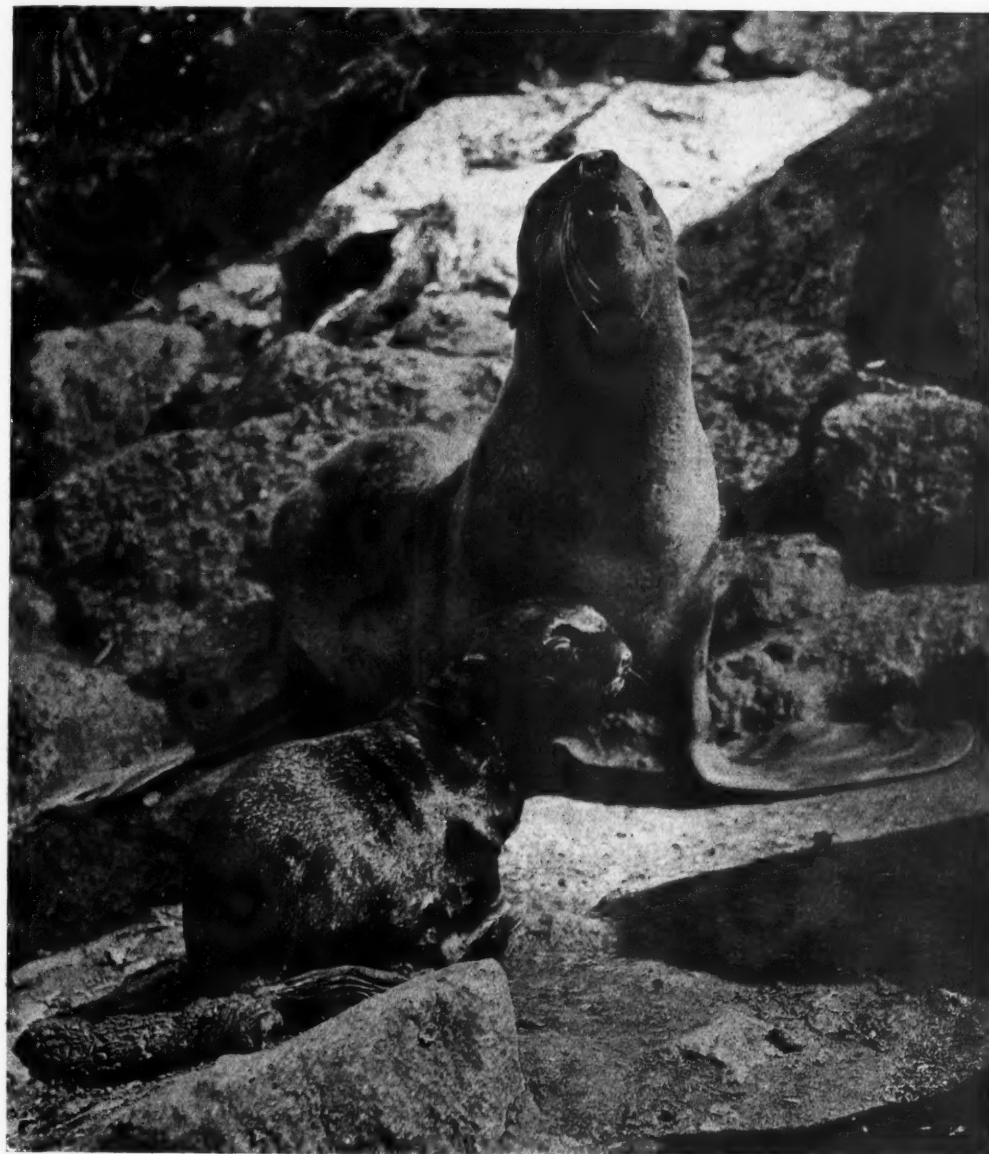
to raise without any difficulty), are perpetually sending out well equipped expeditions to all parts of the world to collect for the Museum. It has not to rely on chance gifts of sportsmen or travellers, but sends out trained taxidermists, trained artists, trained experts of every sort, to various localities, who not only collect material for exhibition and investigation, but make the most careful notes and paintings of the habitat of the specimens they are seeking. In this way the marvelous series of bird life which has already been figured in our pages has been built up.

Geology is, perhaps, with one or two exceptions, less to the fore than zoology, unless one classes the quite unique series of fossil forms as geological. But mineralogy, and especially the gems, are extraordinarily well represented, and the collection of meteorites is one of the very finest. Among the meteorites—which are popularly known as

The president of the Museum, Professor H. F. Osborn, is one of the most distinguished authorities on vertebrate paleontology now living, and it is hardly to be wondered that he has gotten—to use an old English word, like so many old English words retained in the States and lost to us—together a unique collection of fossil mammals in which the North American Continent is so rich. Most of these, of course, come from the fossiliferous areas of the Western United States. The collections of fossil horses range from little four-footed animals, no larger than a fox-terrier, and which would have made admirable household pets in the Eocene period (if there had been any households to pet them), which come from the lower Eocene of Wyoming and New Mexico, to the protohippus of the Miocene, on to the modern horse, which is represented by skeletons of various breeds. No less remarkable are the fossil reptiles—animals of gigantic growth and the weirdest outlines.

The authorities of the American Museum of Natural History stimulate public curiosity by making reproductions of what these fossil animals probably looked like when alive. Although some zoologists—like the late Professor Newton—deprecated reproduction of that kind, the models and pictures are done with so much care that they undoubtedly assist the student in forming some conception of what must have been terrifying fauna of the ancient world. For instance, the Dinosaurs, and the vegetarian Brontosaurus found in the Jurassic beds of Wyoming, 66ft. 8in. in length, which must have weighed at least 35 tons, are exhibited as models. The latter was happily preyed upon by the Allosaurus. Skeletons of both these were found in close proximity to the fossil rocks of Wyoming, and the marks of the teeth of the latter are found imbedded in the skeleton of the former.

Finally, mention must be made of the Library. The Museum is open every day in the year, but on Sundays only



Dr. Hugh M. Smith.

COW SEAL AND NEW-BORN PUP.

Copyright.

shooting stars—is the largest in the world, weighing 36 tons. Meteorites are of various compositions, but the fact may be noted that the iron meteorites, which contain a certain proportion of nickel, being so difficult to cut led to the adoption of an alloy of these two metals in making armour-plate for battleships.

Another important feature of the Museum is a series of extraordinarily accurate models. For example, the mosquito, which conveys malaria (*Anopheles maculipennis*), is magnified in a glass model in volume 400,000 times the natural size. The preparation of such a model takes at least a year, and every single hair is accurately reproduced. Not only is the adult insect shown, but the eggs and larva, the so-called "wrigglers" of the rain-water tub, and the pupa are also exhibited. The house fly is similarly treated; also many other insects and parasites whose structure is difficult to see are thus made intelligible to the general public.

during the afternoons. The Library contains some 70,000 volumes, and is particularly strong in works of vertebrate paleontology and scientific periodicals. It may be used freely by the public whenever the Museum is open. Publications also form an important part of the activities of the trustees. Apart from the Annual Report there are Memoirs, Anthropological Papers and Bulletins. The Memoirs for the most part consist of monographs or papers of importance which call for large illustrations. Bulletins comprise shorter papers which it is desirable to issue promptly. Besides these there are more popular publications, e.g., the Journals of the Museum, Leaflets, frequently reprinted from the Journals, and Guides or Handbooks which may be utilised in studying the collections. These are all profusely illustrated and very well got up, and have added immensely to the prestige of an institution which ranks among the first of its kind in the world.



Executive Mansion  
Washington, Nov 21, 1864

To Mrs Bixby, Boston, Mass,  
Dear Madam.

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully.

A. Lincoln.





## Aspects of the United States:

INTELLECTUAL : MATERIAL : SCIENTIFIC : MILITARY : AND MORAL

### THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY

A FAMOUS American statesman and man of affairs with whom I had some conversation just after the delivery of President Wilson's world-famous speech, in which he asked for an immediate declaration that a state of war exists between the United States and Germany, remarked in answer to some comment that the continuity of American foreign policy was unbroken. It is crystallised in a phrase of the letter from Abraham Lincoln which is reproduced on the opposite page. His consolation, offered to the mother of five heroes slain in the war, lay in "the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom." It was the freedom of a country for which Lincoln's army fought in the sixties of last century. President Wilson has widened the scope without altering the principle. The doctrine laid down by him was, "We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind, and shall be satisfied when these rights are as secure as fact and the freedom of nations can make them." It will be seen that the freedom of a nation in 1864 has only been altered to the freedom of nations in 1917. President Wilson with a sure instinct seized upon the one battle-cry to which all Americans without distinction of nationality could respond. If great leadership lies in the art of finding a common factor in millions of diverse minds and using it for the purpose of binding these infinitely varied personalities to the achievement of one end, then President Wilson by this policy, as carefully thought out as it was truly felt, proved himself one of the greatest statesmen in history. The fact is beginning to dawn upon the enemy. It has been stated with emphasis by their ablest journalist, Maximilian Harden, that as years go by this speech will be printed side by side with those of the great orators who have been instrumental in moulding the progress of civilisation. Greece produced the first of them in Pericles; Rome gave mankind at least one in Cicero; Great Britain contributed a William Pitt; France a Mirabeau. These, with a very few others, stand out as political seers as prominently as a few names do in the literature of the world—Homer, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Dante, Goethe.

The American statesman to whom reference has been made did not pursue this line of thought. The significance, the glory of the war in his estimation was that it constituted a new step in that building up of America as a nation which has been splendidly going on since the declaration of independence. Looking at the United States from a distance, one is apt to think of the population as a mere accidental conglomeration of nationalities. He might have claimed that his country is doing exactly what England did in her early history. There came to the latter many tribes of men—early Britons, Romans, Vikings, Saxons, Normans—but in the course of ages this agglomeration began to take a form of its own. England emerged, and whoever had settled in this country came to be a part of it. They were moulded into a nation that had an individuality of its own to which each contributed a part. It is the same with the United States of America. Even the Germans who, in the closing half of last century, crossed over in almost countless numbers and settled there become in time American citizens. There

were moments in the course of this war when it was believed that the German element in the States might prove a cause of trouble and danger. But history has gone to show that although there was no lack of spies and agents of the German Government engaged in secret and hostile proceedings before war was declared, those Germans who had settled in the States were not responsive to their allurements. They had become part of the country of their adoption. If this is true of enemies, it is much more so of those who have always been well disposed. Italian, Russian, Polish, and Irish emigrants have all settled down naturally as American subjects, and thus in forming itself into a nation America is treading the same historical path as Great Britain trod.

President Wilson's great step was bolder than that of his predecessor, inasmuch as it was not domestic in character, but constituted an entry into the field of European politics. He showed that not even America nowadays can live in isolation, splendid or otherwise. Germany, it is true, was obviously of a different opinion. The Germans claim to be of the same blood as the English and the Americans, but under their present leadership, at all events, they are unable to estimate at any time the length to which disinterestedness can be carried. Even in very recent days their Press has insisted that America would follow the most selfish policy; that is to say, it would, as it might have done, keep out of the war and go on enriching itself at the expense of the European nations. That, as President Wilson trenchantly showed, arises from Absolute Government. In all German books, pamphlets and prophecies which have been issued about the war, it was assumed that a nation never acted except for a selfish purpose. He rightly places the responsibility not upon the enemy people, but upon their rulers. "Americans," in the President's words, "are in armed opposition to an irresponsible government which has thrown aside all considerations of humanity and right." In order to gull the public the Kaiser got up a cock-and-bull story of fighting only in defence of the Fatherland; whereas the truth is, as there are a thousand documents to prove, that the Germans were lured on by pictures of almost inconceivable territorial aggrandisement. There was not a quarter in the world on which they had not fixed an eye to territory. Their great Hamburg to the Persian Gulf dream; their belief that sedition could easily be fermented in India, Australia, and Canada; their planning for rebellion in America itself, were all based on covetousness. It was incomprehensible to them that the leader of a great nation, instead of painting visions of this kind or pandering to greed, should declare on the eve of war "we have no selfish ends to serve; we desire no conquests and no dominion; we seek no indemnities for ourselves and no material compensation for sacrifices we shall freely make." It is unimaginable that under any circumstances a leader of the Kaiser type should think of offering such pledges. It was believed that America would watch, secure behind the barrier of the Atlantic, the furious strife of nations, content that the moneybags of her people should be swollen. So it had happened before, when the Germans had calculated upon Great Britain keeping out of the conflict and enriching herself at the expense of the combatants.

No doubt the Germans could plausibly enough argue that idealism and altruism were impossible to Americans, whom they thought of chiefly as hustlers, acute men of business, mammon worshippers. But in that they were simply taking the form for the substance. The American is naturally a moneymaker. It is an extraordinary country in so far that the production and realisation of wealth are more assured there than anywhere else on the globe, and, fortunately or unfortunately, it has come to be regarded as a test of capacity that a man can make a fortune. But the stolid German does not understand that this in the American is closely akin to what love of sport is in the Englishman. They must have read with the greatest astonishment not only that the nation as a whole had passed this self-denying ordinance before entering into the ranks of battle, but that great corporations such as railway companies, meat trusts, and so on, even individuals, came forward voluntarily and put their businesses, their profits, everything they had, at the disposal of the Government. The American citizen is quick to recognise when a great ideal is set before him, and the lead given by President Wilson was one that could be followed with pride and devotion. The German did not know that the American, if he is fired with enthusiasm is as generous in the disposal of his money as he is keen in making it. It was bound to happen that when the free peoples of the earth united against the autocracies, they would win; where the Germans failed

was in not seeing that the loss would prove fatal to their ambitions not only now, but for ever. They have made Great Britain a great military as well as a great naval power, and they are doing the same thing with the United States. It cannot be imagined that after the war is over the latter will return to the position from which they have emerged, and be content to nurse the Monroe Doctrine and abstain from participation in world politics. On the contrary, they have realised their strength and had a lesson which will render them ever cognisant of the possibility that European complications may bring them within war. In plain words the new army just now in process of making will continue to exist at least in the shape of a nucleus, and the navy will continue to be dominating; that is to say, an effectual check will be placed for ever upon German territorial ambitions.

Where the democratic spirit will be tested most keenly by comparison with that of German absolutism is in regard to discipline. But in the Democracy the vigour and alertness coming from the free play of intelligence make for efficiency far more than the mechanical drum-majoring on which Kaiserism depends. By an apparent paradox and really as a natural consequence, public opinion, whether it takes the form of approval or detestation, burns with more determination in the free Republic than it does in the highly organised Empire of the Kaiser.

## CANADA'S WAR WELCOME TO THE UNITED STATES

[THE four Canadian Ministers who have attended the Imperial Conference are fairly well known to the people of this country, and hardly need an introduction to our readers. Of the three who have kindly contributed to this number of COUNTRY LIFE, two, Sir Robert Borden, the Canadian Prime Minister, and Sir George Perley, the Acting High Commissioner for Canada, are familiar figures in London, but the Hon. Robert Rogers is a comparative stranger. Sir Robert Laird Borden, who is representative of the best type of Canadian, has made himself very popular over here. He has all the courtesy of an Old Country statesman mingled with the fresh, outspoken manner that we associate with men from the Dominions over the seas who are not tied to red tape and conventionality as we are. He is in his sixty-third year, though he looks a good deal younger, and is, like so many distinguished Canadians, a Nova Scotian. He is a lawyer by profession and is a K.C. Entering the Canadian House of Commons in 1896, he became Leader of the Conservative Party in 1901, and when his party came into power in 1911 he became Prime Minister. He is a member of the Privy Council, and a G.C.M.G. Sir George Halsey Perley, who, since the death of Lord Strathcona, has been Acting High Commissioner, was at the time of his appointment Minister without portfolio in Sir Robert Borden's Cabinet. Over here he and Lady Perley have made themselves very much liked, especially during the war, when both have been always ready to help in every way every movement for the benefit of the Canadian troops. Sir George Perley is a sound business man, having been engaged in the lumber industry, and his business capacity enables him to get through an enormous amount of work, for since the retirement of Sir Sam Hughes from the Ministry of Militia, he has not only had the burden of the High Commissionership on his shoulders, but has been Overseas Minister of Militia and has had in that capacity, with the assistance of the military authorities, the reorganisation and subsequent administration of the Canadian troops in this country and in France on his hands. Sir George Perley is a K.C.M.G., the honour having been conferred soon after he took up the duties of High Commissioner. The Hon. Robert Rogers, who is the Minister of Public Works, though less known over here, is a power in Canada, where he is everywhere spoken of as "Bob Rogers." He has been successfully engaged in mercantile business and in the grain and mining industries. He began his political career in the Manitoba Legislature, and in 1911 on the defeat of Laurier's Administration, he accepted office in the Borden Cabinet. He is a strong believer in Imperialism and Tariff Reform, and is described as "a calm and skilful political leader." The fourth Canadian Minister at the Conference was the Hon. J. D. Hayes, Minister of Marine and Fisheries. He had intended to state his views in this issue, but in the rush preceding his return home was unable to do so. He is a New Brunswicker, and is a lawyer by profession. In 1908 he became Premier of his Province, and resigned in 1911 to take up his present post in the Borden Cabinet.]

### I.—BY THE PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA.

THE entrance of the United States into the European War must profoundly affect the future of our Empire and of the world; it would be impossible to over-estimate its influence upon the world's destiny. The great Republic of the New World adjoining the Dominion from which I come has been impelled by the relentless and overbearing arrogance and aggression of Germany to take up arms in the common cause of liberty and humanity. From the very foundation of the Republic the traditions of American policy have been consistently opposed to intervention in any European war; they would never have permitted this fateful step save for the overmastering cause of honour and right. Our neighbours are a peace-loving people as we are; but those who imagine that they are more greatly influenced by material considerations than other nations fail to realise or comprehend the true spirit of the people of the United States. Their astonishing progress in industry and their remarkable capacity in affairs may have led to a false conception. I entirely agree with the appreciation recently expressed by their Ambassador, and I thoroughly concur in his view that no nation is more deeply and truly influenced by idealism than the people whom he represents. Possibly they have some misconceptions with regard to us. I hold that the self-governing nations of the British Empire are as truly and thoroughly democratic in their purpose, ideals and aspirations as any nation in the world. In all essentials the ideals of government are the same in both countries; and the spirit of the two nations is the same in this conflict. Thousands of American citizens, enrolled in our forces, have fought gallantly and heroically side by side with Canadians; it will be a

glorious day when the Union Jack and Old Glory advance together in the same cause on freedom's battlefield. As Britons, we are accustomed to think of the responsibilities of our Empire; let me emphasise even more strongly the joint responsibilities of the American Republic and the British Commonwealth. Inspired by the same ideals, united by a common purpose and acting in unselfish and loyal co-operation, they possess a power both moral and material which can command the future peace of the world. I pray that those who guide their destinies may exercise that power for this, the highest of all purposes.

### II.—BY THE CANADIAN MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS.

IN conversation with a reporter of this journal, the Hon. Robert Rogers, Canadian Minister of Public Works, said: Weather conditions for farm work in the Prairie Provinces of Canada are now reported to be very satisfactory. The weather has been rather wet and cold, but within the last ten days the conditions have become ideal, and the work of seeding, which commenced in the middle of April in the southern parts of the provinces, is now general throughout the whole west. The labour situation, which was the cause of serious concern, has, happily, been suitably adjusted. After an energetic campaign in Eastern Canada and the United States, the Dominion authorities have been able to obtain sufficient labour to put in the crop, and have received in this work the generous assistance of a very large number of business men in the principal Western cities. Of the outside labour obtained, 6,000 farm workers were brought in from the United States. Hitherto, since the war, it has been found extremely difficult to induce American farm labourers



to enter Canada even for temporary agricultural purposes; but the decision of the United States to become an ally with Canada and Great Britain in the prosecution of the war has removed the fears that appeared to exist, and is no doubt responsible for the considerable number who have already crossed the line to engage in farm work, and will make it possible to draw much more largely in the future from that source for harvest work in the West.

The acreage under wheat in the prairie provinces this year will be about the same as last year; though there will be a tremendous increase in the oat acreage, particularly in the Province of Saskatchewan. Our information indicates that the seed-bed is reported to be exceptionally satisfactory and, given the usual weather conditions, Western Canada should reap another bumper crop.

Few people, I imagine, are aware that last year the Dominion Government had to bring into Western Canada from other parts of the Dominion an army slightly in excess of 50,000 men to harvest the crop of the prairie provinces alone. The Employment Bureau of the Federal Government acting with the great railway companies secured, transported over 2,000 miles, and finally distributed this rather formidable labour army within the space of two weeks.

There are 80,000,000 bushels of Western Canadian wheat available for export at the present time, and this balance of surplus wheat is equal to the whole wheat production of the Western Provinces until a few years ago. As a matter of fact, there is an available balance of 115,000,000 bushels of wheat, but the additional 35,000,000 bushels is required for seed and for food until the harvest in the fall. This wheat is stored in the Government interior and in the terminal elevators. As soon as lake navigation opens up fully, which will be in the course of the next week or ten days, the movement of this large wheat reserve will commence.

It would not be proper or prudent to say whence or by what means this grain shall be moved; but it suggests the thought that the war is giving a wonderful impetus to shipbuilding, and particularly to timber-built ships, in the Canadian maritime provinces. Already a pretty considerable fleet of wooden vessels has been, and is being, laid down in existing shipbuilding yards. The Dominion Government will give every possible encouragement to the revival of an industry that once thrived exceedingly in the Atlantic provinces, and will assist in extending shipbuilding to the inland lakes. The high values of present and prospective ocean tonnage, together with the certainty of profitable freight rates in the future, assure to those interested in such shipbuilding enterprises the assurance of satisfactory results.

The capture of Vimy Ridge will rank with the most gallant and momentous episodes of this tremendous war of startling things, and will cover the Canadian troops who shared in the honour of the achievement with imperishable glory. It is a new and most distinguished chapter added to the annals of the glorious British Army. It is interesting to note that the number of Canadian troops which Sir Julian Byng led up the Vimy Ridge was equal in numbers to that gallant little British Army with which Wellington met and engaged Napoleon on the Field of Waterloo. Speaking upon the subject of comparisons, it is also interesting to note that the Motherland sent to Canada in the ten years preceding the war over a million men, women and children, and that

Canada since the opening of the war has been and is equipping and sending to Europe half a million soldiers in return. Comparisons of this kind should be interesting, particularly to those persons who seem inclined to oppose emigration to the Overseas Dominions.

### III.—BY THE ACTING HIGH COMMISSIONER.

SIR GEORGE PERLEY, when asked by a representative of COUNTRY LIFE to make a statement with regard to Canada's relations with the United States and the likely effect of the latter country's joining the Allies, said that, much as he would like to do something for a publication which had done such good war work as had COUNTRY LIFE, he could not at the moment spare the necessary time. He, however, talked for a few minutes and has kindly allowed us to publish the gist of his conversation. Sir George said that it must be a matter for congratulation that the United States had thrown in their lot with the Allies. It meant that all English-speaking peoples were now standing shoulder to shoulder for the great cause for which the Allies were fighting. Canada had always been on the most friendly terms with her powerful Southern neighbour. The dividing line between the two countries was largely an imaginary one, and the ever increasing business intercourse between them and the frequent intermarriages that resulted made for extremely good relations between Canada and the United States. Even when in 1911 the Reciprocity pact was defeated, Americans understood perfectly well that no hostility was felt towards them by those who opposed the policy. The desire of Canadians to build up a great nation to the north of the States and to preserve at the same time a strong British sentiment was appreciated and respected by Americans who understood Canada's ideals and aspirations perhaps more thoroughly than some people in this country.

"You ask me," continued Sir George, "if I think that America's entry into the war will bring Reciprocity forward again as practical politics. I do not think so. If the resolutions unanimously adopted in the Conference are carried out, trade between Canada and this country and other parts of the Empire will be stimulated; for, as Mr. Bonar Law stated in the House of Commons the other day, the Imperial War Cabinet has unanimously accepted the principle that 'each part of the Empire, having due regard to the interests of our Allies, shall give specially favourable treatment and facilities to the produce and manufactures of the other parts of the Empire.' Canada feels that she has not only helped with men and money, but that she has won her industrial spurs in the war, and she hopes that the new policy of Imperial Preference will give a favoured place in British markets to her manufactures as well as to her foodstuffs and raw materials. Our relations with our neighbours to the south of us will not be materially changed, but will remain as cordial as ever. At the same time, in view of the resolutions of the Imperial Conference to which I have referred, I feel sure that the people of these Islands need not fear that, because our sympathies with the United States are naturally intensified since they have thrown their weight into the scale on the side of the Allies, your trade with Canada will in any way suffer, as some alarmists seem to think."

## "THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR"

BY HERBERT W. HORWILL

IT is now eighty years since Washington Irving, in his description of the Creole country, wrote: "The almighty dollar, that great object of universal devotion throughout our land, seems to have no genuine devotee in these peculiar villages." If Irving had lived until to-day he would have been sorry that he ever brought this indictment against his own people. When he coined that unlucky term, "the almighty dollar," little did he imagine how soon it would get into world-wide circulation or the damaging use that would be made of it by foreign critics. Few outside accusations cause such resentment among Americans as the charge that they are a money-grubbing nation in which everybody's main concern is to "make his pile"—and keep it.

The belief that materialism of the commercial type is a leading American characteristic would certainly not survive an investigation of the gifts and legacies devoted year by year

in the United States to the benefit of the general community. It would be an eye-opener to many persons to study the section of the New York World Almanac—usually covering several pages—which gives a list of the principal benefactions of the year just past. Everybody has heard of the golden stream that pours from the coffers of a Carnegie or a Rockefeller, but few persons in this country are aware of the steady generosity that is shown by thousands of American business men of lesser fortune.

You cannot visit any large city without being struck by the number of colleges, libraries, hospitals, convalescent homes, museums and parks that have been largely brought into existence by private initiative and munificence. Even in out-of-the-way New England villages and small towns of the Middle West it is a common experience to come across a costly and well equipped institution commemorating the career of some

native who, amid his prosperity in the big world, has not forgotten the claims of the old home.

The methods by which a successful American distributes his money take many forms, and his gifts are often accompanied by active personal service in public causes. Not many Englishmen probably have ever heard of Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, the sugar refiner. His campaign for "cleaning up" the "graft" that disgraced San Francisco after the earthquake and fire of 1906 involved the twofold contribution of unremitting personal attention to the prosecution of the "grafters" and financial aid that exceeded \$150,000. Sometimes a manufacturer will voluntarily devote a large sum to experiments in promoting better relations between employers and employed. Mr. Henry Ford's profit-sharing scheme, for instance, means the distribution of \$10,000,000 a year among his employees in addition to wages. If the gifts that Americans have made for the promotion of education were brought together they would reach an amazing total. Several of the leading universities owe their existence to individual founders. Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore was started by a bequest of \$7,000,000 from the railroad president whose name it bears. Cornell University similarly derives its origin from the gifts of Ezra Cornell. When Senator Stanford wished to commemorate his deceased son he established the Leland Stanford, Junr., University with an endowment of \$30,000,000. The University of Chicago has been virtually reconstructed by the \$23,000,000 it has received from Mr. J. D. Rockefeller. (To his General Education Board, by the way, Mr. Rockefeller has given, up to the present year, no less than \$43,000,000.) Meanwhile the older institutions, such as Harvard and Yale, have been profiting by gifts on a very handsome scale from individual benefactors and associations of alumni. The World Almanac for the current year gives a separate list of benefactions to colleges during 1916. No benefaction of less than \$10,000 is included, but as many as 207 institutions appear among the beneficiaries. They include the University of Chicago, \$3,181,543; Yale University, \$2,346,246; the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, \$2,224,972; Columbia University, \$1,336,205; Wellesley College, \$1,045,996; and Delaware College, \$1,023,800.

If the American business man had no soul above manufacturing and trading, assistance to higher education is scarcely the form he would choose in order to make his profits of service to the community. A desire to popularise the best music can hardly be held consistent with a temper that is unconcerned about the spiritual refinements of life. The Boston Symphony Orchestra, probably the best organisation of the kind in the United States, owes its distinction largely to the generosity of Mr. H. L. Higginson, a local banker, who guaranteed the cost of engaging the best players accessible to give their whole time and energy to the work. For some time he spent a small fortune annually on this object. Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, the newspaper proprietor, left \$500,000 to help the Philharmonic Society in cultivating the musical taste of New York. In the list of 1915 benefactions one finds such items as a bequest of \$700,000 to the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra and one of \$100,000 for a pension fund for the Symphony Orchestra at Chicago.

The idealism of the American temperament comes out strongly in the money that has been given to further the cause of peace, which, until the recent abandonment of her political isolation, one might not have supposed to be naturally a close concern of the United States. One cannot imagine Mr. Henry Ford's peace ship sailing from any but an American port. His gift of \$10,000,000 toward peace propaganda was not the first large donation of the kind. He had a predecessor in the late Mr. Edwin Ginn, the Boston publisher, who spent \$50,000 a year on his World Peace Foundation, and left it \$1,000,000 at his death. One must remember also Mr. Carnegie's international peace trust, established in 1910 with an endowment of \$10,000,000.

A notable feature of American giving is the careful planning by which it is usually directed. It is a generosity that has ideas behind it. The American does not simply dump down his dollars in response to the loudest appeal that happens to come his way. He specialises. It has been truly said that in America "giving is a serious matter, to which wealthy men daily and hourly devote conscientious labour." When the Clark University, for instance, was established at Worcester, Mass., its founder earmarked its endowment, which ran into the millions, for research work, especially in psychology and education. Similarly, Joseph Pulitzer's educational legacy of \$2,000,000 was set apart for the foundation of a school of journalism. The late Dr. D. K. Pearsons, who gave away over \$4,000,000 in all,

spent most of it in helping comparatively small and struggling colleges that were not prominent in the public eye. Mr. Nathan Straus, one of the proprietors of a big department store, originated in 1890 and has since maintained at his own expense, a system of distribution of sterilised milk to the poor of New York, which the statistics of the Health Department show has saved thousands of infant lives annually. A Brooklyn coffee merchant who died a few years ago used to fit up every summer two or three vessels which were moored amid the breezes of the Bay as floating boarding-houses, in which tired clerks and shop assistants could get refreshing sleep after the heat of the day. The Quaker owners of a luxurious and delightfully situated summer hotel at Lake Mohonk have been accustomed for many years to invite two or three hundred persons—college presidents and professors, editors and journalists, clergymen, heads of big firms, and other people of influence, with their wives—to spend the greater part of a week at the hotel, just before the beginning of the season, in order to discuss the problems of international arbitration. Everyone who is invited is the guest of the management, which also bears the cost of the publication of the proceedings. A similar conference of "Friends of the American Indian" is convened just before the hotel closes for the winter. These are only a few examples of the individual initiative of American donors, who are by no means content to follow precedent if some happy thought strikes them that they can embody in an original form.

It must not be overlooked that some very large gifts are anonymous. The Hall of Fame at New York University was built through a contribution of \$250,000 from a donor whose name was withheld. The 1914 list of benefactions includes an anonymous gift of \$500,000 to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and that of 1915 one of the same amount to the Delaware University.

But is there no modicum of truth, after all, in Washington Irving's hasty generalisation? This much, at least, has to be said, that in America, more than in most countries, the capacity to make money is regarded as a test of ability, and success in life is often measured by that standard. It is perhaps to the prevalence of this method of gauging individual quality that the foreign ideas of American materialism are largely due. There is an instructive passage in the chapter on "Scholarship" in the late Professor Münsterberg's admirable book on "American Traits." He tells how, when he had been only a short time at Harvard, he had a long talk with a distinguished English scholar who had been lecturing at American universities. "We spoke about the disappointingly low level of American scholarship, and he said: 'America will not have first-class scholarship, in the sense in which Germany or England has it, till every professor in the leading universities has at least \$10,000 salary, and the best scholars receive \$25,000.' I was distinctly shocked, and called it a pessimistic and materialistic view. But he insisted: 'No, the American is not anxious for the money itself; but money is to him the measure of success, and therefore the career needs the backing of money to raise it to social respect and attractiveness, and to win over the finest minds.' My English acquaintance did not convince me at that time, but the years have convinced me; the years in which I have watched the development of some of the finest students, who hesitated long whether to follow their inclination toward scholarship, and who finally went into law or business for the sake of the social premiums." For, as Professor Münsterberg points out, "in a country where political conditions have excluded titles and orders and social distinctions in general, money is in the end the only means of social discrimination, and financial success becomes thus the measurement of the ability of the individual and of his power to realise himself in action."

The correctness of this reading of the situation is confirmed by an apparent exception. Americans had a great admiration for Louis Agassiz, although he remained a comparatively poor man until the day of his death. Two stories are often told concerning him. One is of his refusal of a lucrative business offer on the ground that he "had no time to waste in making money." The other is of his decision to remain at Harvard when Louis Napoleon offered him a distinguished position in France at a very much higher salary. The point to notice is that, by the very fact that these offers were made to him, Agassiz had shown that his ability had a high financial value. He had proved his quality by the very monetary standard of which he himself thought nothing. Henceforth his reputation in America was firmly established.

But it remains true, as Münsterberg's English friend said to him, that the American "is not anxious for the money itself."



One of the best known of living American millionaires cannot be persuaded to put any of his profits in investments that would pay a decent percentage. He is content with the proceeds of his manufacturing business, which supplies in its various processes and transactions the stimulus of a keen intellectual interest. The mere possession of money, as distinct from the acquisition of it, confers little prestige in America. To quote again from Münsterberg: "The wealth won by lucky gambles in stocks, or inherited, or derived from a merely accidental

appreciation of values or by a chance monopoly, is not respected; but the wealth amassed by caution and brilliant foresight, by indomitable energy and tireless initiative, or by fascinating originality and courage, meets with full recognition. It is not the power which wealth confers, but the power which has conferred wealth, that is respected." Lord Bryce says what amounts to very much the same thing when he endorses the statement that a millionaire has a better and easier social career open to him in England than in America.

## THE AMERICAN AS ORGANISER

BY SIR JOHN FOSTER FRASER.

I AM going to wait another year before I commit myself to the assertion that the American is the best organiser in the world. Three years ago, however, I would have said so boldly, put the German as a good second and agreed that the Briton made an indifferent third. But since the war started we British have developed powers of organisation which have surprised the world and rather astonished ourselves. We have outdistanced the Germans, and we are in no mood to admit the Americans are sharper and better than ourselves, though we will be the first to applaud when they give us proof they are.

America is now in a whirlwind rush to organise and play a mighty big part in the war. Americans have vim. Also they have a climate which stimulates. They take delight in doing things on a colossal scale and quickly, out of sheer love for hugeness and rapidity. The details of the work done may not be so excellent as that turned out of British factories; but look at the pile of it! I have stood in Philadelphia great locomotive works, in New England shoe manufacturers' premises, in the stock yards of Chicago, and my attention has been directed, not to the excellence of the workmanship, but to the fact that forty-eight engines are finished in a week, that a pair of boots can be made in sixteen minutes and that pigs are given their quietus sixty to the minute. So when America puts on her top gear in war, when one hundred million folk get the spirit which we feel we have, the United States will probably just fall on Germany, and the Teutons will be so squeezed beneath the weight that they will scarcely have enough breath left to gasp their amazement.

A difference between the British and the American organiser is that the former moves cautiously, whereas the latter is disposed to take chances. The Englishman feels his way step by step, but the American jumps. There are bigger commercial successes in the United States, about which we hear, and also bigger smashes which people are inclined to forget. They each have the same goal—victory. The ordinary Englishman advances on regulation lines; his stride is limited by conflicting interests; he has to take care not to kick into precedents. Now, the American pulls over the lever, makes it full steam ahead, and the signal is "Get out of the way if you don't want to be hurt." Sometimes there is an accident. More often the glorious confidence means that the American is at the end of the journey before the Briton has made a start.

If one were to sit down and make a mathematical calculation whether, all things considered, the Americans or ourselves were the most inventive nation, I have an idea that we would slightly lead. But when it comes to adaptability, which is invention under the reins of organisation, the Americans are away ahead of us. When you endeavour to answer the great Why, you come to this: (1) the modern American is the child of a mixed race drawn from the most sturdy and adventurous people of the old world; (2) the American has a climate which is invigorating, while ours has a tendency to make us sluggish; (3) the environment of hustle makes a man run even if he were disposed to walk; (4) wages are so high that the labour saving machines have to be adopted so that goods may compete in markets where wages are low; (5) organisation is the offspring of necessity to produce rapidly and cheaply. Organisation is the last word in trade and in war.

The American in business matters has a splendid unconventionality. He really does take an expansive outlook. If he is down among the crowd he has a healthy discontent; if he is away up among those who have "made good" he likes the tussle to go on, for the pleasure of combat appeals to him. He is not satisfied to follow in old tracks. And to meet the high cost of production his methods of organisation

are directed to time saving, to standardisation and to specialisation.

Typewriting, fountain pens, telephones, index card systems have all been especially developed in the United States—and there is one reason for them all. Factories in England generally make a multiplicity of things, more or less in the same line. The American focuses on one article. He makes that and that alone, whether it be chewing gum or freight engines. Machinery is developed to the highest pitch of perfection for lightening the production, and there is little switching from the making of one article to another. The English manufacturer wants good workmen; the American wants good machines. The American concentrates on putting the brains into the machine, to let it do the work, so that an alert girl with a fortnight's tuition may pick up all that is necessary to watch that the machine does not have lapses. In great electrical establishments you may see throngs of young women engaged in the making of the most complicated and delicate instruments, each woman taught to do her little bit, even though it be no more than affixing a coil of wire, not knowing its particular use, unaware why something was done before or what is to be done next. But each worker is deftly expert in contributing her share toward the completed article. In astute subdivision of labour the Americans are pre-eminent; and you find that same practice prevailing in the dismemberment of a carcass in a slaughter-house as in a great engineering shed. Half a dozen times as many persons are employed in the United States in turning out a manufactured article as with us; but as they are all specialists on a particular point the net result is a greater output than if the same number of persons were employed in our country in producing the same article.

Co-ordination plays an important part. I have been in works where it is impossible to complete an order within six months. But all over the establishment parts are being made and moved forward so that, working to a time table, they will all meet in the erecting shop in several months' time and all that remains is for the parts to be brought together. Standardisation has long been a feature of American industry: not that we have not followed it, but not until the war came along have we adopted it on anything like the American scale. Standardisation counts for speed in output. Further, the manufacturer on the other side of the Atlantic is ever ready to "scrap" machinery, even though it be quite good in its way, if he can find more efficient machinery to take its place.

The American is no more orderly-minded a man than is the Englishman. But he wants to "get there" and, ever sly to learn from experience, he knows that the machinery of a smooth-running organisation is the best of assistants. He is quick at experiments; but if things do no go well he does not "make the best of a bad job;" he throws the whole thing on one side without hesitation and tries some other way. So, swift evolution in improved methods of doing things is constantly in evidence. What are called American "methods" do not mean that some clever Yankee has sat down and thought out a method; they rather mean that ordinary Americans are quick to do the small thing that is going to be beneficial, and in the accumulation of evolved improvements a "method" is reached which is described as American.

Then I am sure that what is of great value in organisation is the way in which American employers encourage their workpeople to supply new ideas. I have been constantly told in England that manufacturers very rarely get ideas from their employes; and I am convinced this is not due to the absence of ideas, but mainly to the gulf of personal relationship which exists between "master and

man" in this country. It is not an unusual sight in American workshops to see "suggestion boxes," into which anybody may drop a suggestion with the knowledge that if it is adopted there will be a reward. I well recall being in some big works in Cleveland. I was being shown round by the manager. He stopped before one worker and criticised the way he was doing something. The workman retorted, not very politely, that he knew better than the manager what ought to be done and how. Later I said to the manager that I thought that kind of talk would not be tolerated in England. He answered, "That's all right. If he had said 'Yes, sir,' and had done his work my way, it would have shown he was not taking very much interest; but you saw he was keen to argue and to insist his plan was better than mine. That showed he was interested, and that is the man from whom you get the best work."

Now we are watching with the friendliest of interest the American people organise themselves for taking a decisive part in the war. They would be the last to deny they are not likely to make mistakes, though they ought to learn a good deal from the mistakes we made in the earlier phases

of the war. But with a broad imagination they may be relied to do things on a big scale, and will not allow themselves to be hampered by trifles or by individual incompetence. The man who does not get on in America has got to get out. It is an open secret that France is largely dependent on her Allies for transport arrangements. The other day I heard from the United States that a great locomotive works had sent a message to their usual railroad customers somewhat in these terms: "We will not be able to supply any engines for the next four months. We intend to devote the whole of our output to France."

Though there are clashing interests in America, as elsewhere, there is always a readiness to come to an agreement on essentials, and then there is a genuine eagerness to organise toward energetic productivity. There is a prevailing feeling "We will either find a way or make one." We can be absolutely convinced America will not let us down. What she undertakes to do she will accomplish. But whether she will organise, equip and munition a great army better and quicker than we did—well, that has got to be seen.

## HOW AMERICAN RAILWAYS ARE HELPING THE WAR

BY FREDERICK A. TALBOT.

*Author of "Railway Wonders of the World," "The Building of a Great Canadian Railway," etc.*

**F**ROM the Bottom up!" How frequently one hears this expression in the Great Republic out West. It is the twentieth century American commercial interpretation of Napoleon's famous precept concerning the conscript, his knapsack, and the field-marshal's baton; the stirring incentive to the American boy of to-day to make good. Possibly in no other sphere of human activity is the truth of this axiom brought home so forcefully as in what is known as "the railway world." Certainly few others can hold out such temptingly rich prizes. Every man guiding the destinies of the great networks of steel criss-crossing the country has risen from the ranks. The great majority have followed the road to success *via* the telegraph instrument, though here and there, as if to emphasise the circumstance that other comparably humble ranks are equally good spring-boards, one learns that this President started life as a "ganger," and that that "chief" first shook hands with railway working through the medium of the booking office.

The American railway world is a kingdom of steel apart. It is as different from those of this country as chalk is from cheese. The prim, attractive and picturesque imprint of the British lines is entirely missing. The engines, carriages and goods wagons are indicative of the American spirit and characteristics of the country. The locomotives, shorn of all embellishment and frilling, are impressive in their dimensions and businesslike in their form and drab colouring. The massive coaches, open saloons by day and sleepers at night, suffice to press upon one the huge proportions of the country and the immensity of the distances which have to be covered. Finally, the capacious 40-ton box cars serve to demonstrate that huge business has to be handled with the maximum of expedition and the minimum of cost.

When the lines were first built they were crazy constructions. They were merely arteries of convenience, linking up in many instances with existing waterways, both natural and artificial, and, owing to the population being scattered, were inexpensively maintained and run on cheap lines. As the community, in its love of adventure and enterprise, pushed farther and farther from the Atlantic seaboard the railways followed them. That was the first phase. The second was the era in which the path of steel blazed the way to pastures new and lands of promise and opportunity. But the self-same principle was followed. First cost was kept down to the very lowest possible figure, and even when set going the roads were starved so as to show some shreds of return to those who backed them. But as the country developed settlers poured in, new towns and cities sprang up, and the wilderness was transformed into growing granaries, market gardens and orchards, imposing heavier strains upon the railways; a policy of reconstruction was embraced and the bonds of steel were reformed. Precisely how many times the various railways have been reconstructed it is impossible to relate. Even to-day they are

in the melting-pot, since it is a keen race between national development and expansion and the provision of efficient and adequate means of transportation. When the pioneers laid their crazy roads they, in common with foot and wheel traffic of those ambrosial days, followed the paths of least resistance. But when the mantle of hustle fell upon the country, a startling metamorphosis was recorded. Money was poured out like water. Millions were spent, and still are being expended, to save minutes.

This is where the men who have risen from the ranks stand the railroads in such excellent stead. Acquainted with every ramification of the involved industry, of great breadth of vision, possessed of the ability to take big peeps over the horizon of the future, and of vivid imagination, yet shrewd withal, they have brought the steel gridiron of the country, which is vital to its welfare, to a high pitch of efficiency.

Outwardly the system of control appears to differ very materially from that incidental to Britain, but in reality it is the British method adapted to the peculiar needs of the country. The President may be compared with our Chairman, only he is vested with greater responsibility and wide independent powers. Under him comes a chain of vice-presidents, each of whom is deputed to a specific branch of management. They may be likened to our board of directors and active administration, with this salient difference—they are all men of action, at close grips with their assigned duties, alert, and ready to cope with any emergency which may be suddenly and unexpectedly thrust upon them. They are likewise given wide powers, but the co-ordination of the well defined spheres of influence and action is perfect to ensure the whole machine moving with the smoothness and uneventfulness of a chronometer, with the finger of the President ever upon the balance wheel.

At intervals the grumbler in these islands who is nursing some grievance against a railway company attacks our ruling system and strenuously urges a change to the methods which prevail across the Atlantic. But as the American railway magnates are the first to admit, the conditions are vastly dissimilar. In Great Britain railway development has ceased. But in the United States it is still active, and the pace is growing hotter to meet the rapid expansion in the population and the settlement of new territories. There the situation demands a live and sensitive organisation of men who, from their very rigorous training and inherent qualities, combined with familiarity with every branch of activity, are able to penetrate to the heart of and grapple with big problems and to force quick decisions. To-day it may be a question of providing a new terminus in this city; to-morrow the advisability of scrapping twenty or thirty miles of line in favour of a shorter and quicker route between two important points; another day the determination of ways and means to cope with a sudden pressure in traffic; and so on.



The American system has been subjected to many severe tests during the past three years. Normally freight flows in two streams from the centre of the continent to the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard, but the war sent all arrangements which had been completed to this end sky-high. During six months of the year munitions for the Russian battle front had to be sent half-way round the world, Vladivostok being the only ice-free port through which shipments could be made, while during the remaining months, owing to Archangel being open, enormous consignments had to be hurried across the Atlantic to take full advantage of this additional inlet to the country. The movement of the ponderous trains, many of which, composed of ninety or more huge vehicles, and representing a mile or more between headlight and tail-light, taxed the powers of even the super-masters in this field. The Atlantic ports became choked with cars waiting to be unloaded. Munitions, railway material, foodstuffs and other vital necessities became jammed in the funnels leading to the wharves and could not be moved either in or out. The situation assumed such gravity as to compel the railways to take drastic action. They refused to move a further ounce of material to the Atlantic seaboard until the congestion had been relieved.

Shippers, determined not to be disappointed, demanded that their freight should be sent to the Pacific. They were ready to pay the high charges for haulage across the breadth of the continent. But the railways could not supply the requisite vehicles; and upon the top of this pressure came the harvest, which has always to be moved promptly. The elevators were speedily filled to the brim with grain and the farmers clamoured loudly that these should be cleared forthwith, otherwise the grain which had not been stored would be lost.

Shipping freight across a continent, a journey which may take ten or twelve days, inasmuch as the speed of such goods trains is regulated by law, may seem a simple task, but the eternal problem in railway affairs is to bring every foot a wheel moves to its utmost paying capacity. "Reduce train miles; increase ton miles," is the railwayman's slogan, and it is the guiding principle from the Gulf to the Great Lakes, and from New York to 'Frisco. But when all freight has the tendency to move in one direction the avoidance of empties upon the return journey is likely to prove insuperable. During the pressure goods destined for Russia were even taken on rail at the water front near New York City and carried right across the continent to Seattle, 'Frisco or Portland, in some instances to a Canadian port, in order to be transferred to ship. And there was nothing, or very little, to bring back. Yet the problem was solved and the reduction of dead mileage was reduced to a level which at one time appeared absolutely hopeless. It was the commercial men at the head of affairs, loyally assisted by their respective staffs of live wires, who rescued the country from utter chaos and thus averted a fearful economic calamity.

At times the American railway system is assailed from its observance of the laws incidental to community of interests. The day was, and that not long distant, when railways in America followed the erstwhile British principle—they fought one another. But the folly of ruthless competition was speedily recognised; it did not contribute one tittle to the

greater efficiency of the transportation system. The hard-headed commercial men realised that they had everything to gain from harmonious co-operation and extensive inter-working, and so this principle was put into practice. Money formerly wasted in the cutting of rates was put to constructive account, to the betterment of the roads.

The value of this co-operation has been strikingly revealed since America entered the war. Our Ally has been quick to profit from what mistakes we have made. The organisation of the British railways to meet the exigencies of war has impressed the railway princes of the States more than any other individual national action. But the co-ordination of a round 110,000 miles of railway track, spread over a superficies of 121,000 square miles, is a vastly different proposition from converting 17,000,000 miles of railway serving 3,595,500 square miles of country into a single unit. So far as this country was concerned, owing to the careful preparation completed in anticipation, the conversion was achieved by a single stroke of the pen. In the United States, where such arrangements were not in readiness to be put into active operation at a moment's notice, such co-ordination appeared wildly impracticable. But one of these American railway princes had been called upon by the Government to serve as Transportation Expert to the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defence—Mr. Daniel Willard, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, to wit. He was not armed with autocratic powers with which to enforce compliance; but he did the next best thing. He personally invited the Presidents of the various railways to meet him five days hence. At the conclave which ensued, and with the minimum of plain speaking, the miracle was performed. The whole of the scattered railway systems, by mutual consent, were welded into a homogeneous whole, to meet the country's needs, although in consummating such action the conference broke nearly every law affecting the public.

But war has proved as mighty a levelling force in democratic America as in Great Britain. The machine came into activity at once, and the public, recognising the fact that such unification is to the benefit of all those engaged in the titanic struggle for liberty, have cheerfully accepted the situation. A manufacturer may grouse fearfully because his truck-load of tin-openers is unceremoniously thrust on one side to permit the vehicle to be used for the conveyance of iron ore, and may wail that the railways are taking a high hand, but his mutterings fall on deaf ears. The Government and the people are as one in their support of the dictatorship of the railways, a dictatorship, by the way, which is composed of a septette of the leading railway magnates of the country—the pick of the basket so far as transportation questions are concerned—and includes only one Government official, and even he has no connection with the fighting services. Such action serves to emphasise the fluid nature of the American railway governing system, its flexibility and the capacity of private enterprise, committed merely to one duty—the determination of the quickest ways and means to move what is in urgent request for the Allied cause and the selection of what articles may be safely left until a propitious moment arises. And this is carried out in such a way as to reduce the interference with the private inter-trade of the country to the minimum.

## VANISHING WILD LIFE IN THE STATES

BY A STUDENT OF NATURAL HISTORY.

**A**MID the present awful destruction of human life which is going on over a large portion of the globe it is perhaps difficult to consider the claims of the lower order of creation. Nevertheless, they merit our attention. On the Continent the wild life of those regions which lie within the sphere of warlike operations has suffered severely. In some districts it has, in all probability, approached so nearly to complete destruction that never again will it reflect the glory which crowned it in the early summer of 1914. In other countries comparatively unaffected by the war the automatically enforced close season will have been of the greatest benefit to the diminished stock of game which the hand of man has so far spared. Of the great game producing areas of the world America alone has remained unaffected, save in the absence of those hunting parties which in normal times would visit her shores. Incidentally, one may express the hope that after the war no German, at any rate, will be allowed to

shoot game in any of the countries under the control of the Allies. It would be an effective form of boycott which would, at any rate, make some of their more wealthy men realise the estimation in which they are held among sportsmen.

It is of the game of America that I have been asked to write in this article. Much of my information is based on "Our Vanishing Wild Life," by Dr. W. T. Hornaday, Director of the New York Zoological Park, a book which should be included in the library, not only of every American big-game hunter, but of every American citizen. Mr. Henry Fairfield Osborn, President of the New York Zoological Society, to whom with Dr. Hornaday and Mr. Madison Grant the thanks of all big-game hunters of whatever nationality are due, records it as his deliberate opinion "that nowhere is Nature being so rapidly destroyed as in the United States." The most deplorable aspect of the case lies in the fact that this destruction is taking place *according to law*. The existing legal system in the United States for the preservation of

wild life is fatally defective, and the point has been reached when the American nation must choose between long closed seasons or a gameless continent; and, as Dr. Hornaday pithily remarks, "A continent without wild life is like a forest with no leaves on the trees." We in this country are not without sin, but it may be truthfully said that we have, with at least partial success, framed and enforced laws whose object is to preserve the wild life of our distant possessions for the benefit of our descendants. Much still remains to be done, but something has already been accomplished. It is, I think, a fair statement that the game animals in North America under the Union Jack exist under more favourable conditions than those living under the Stars and Stripes, though the efforts of men like Dr. Hornaday are now meeting with greater appreciation.

The ethics of the American sportsman, witness the code of the Camp Fire Club of America, are identical with those which we uphold ourselves; it is the "sport"—detestable word for a detestable creature—found, it is true, in these islands, but a more plentiful bird in America, where sport is democratic, who does the real harm. He is the man who, *horribile dictu*, considers that he has not got his rights unless he has murdered "up to his limit," and who, if his licence permits the killing of four heads, will shoot four, though his second or third may be a world's record. It is so easy to destroy and so impossible to create. Man, with all his mechanical inventions and ingenuity, can never restore to life a single individual of all the millions of God's creatures that he has destroyed. A land teeming with game can be reduced to a wilderness in a few short months or years: centuries may not give it back its pristine glories. Wild life a hundred years ago was nowhere so generously nor so widely distributed as in North America. Its pitiful shattered remnants should bring an indignant flush to the cheek of every American. The bison, the wapiti and the pronghorn had, alas! to go at the advent of the triumphant settler. The first has gone, the other two are in process of going; but there should never have been any question of extermination. It is man, civilised man, who has done it. The savage rarely kills for the mere lust of killing until he has in his hand weapons placed there by his "civilised" brother.

Mr. Roosevelt is a much-criticised man; but whatever mistakes he may have committed, let it be remembered to his lasting credit that while he was President he aided in every possible way the cause of the wild animals in which he takes so great an interest. He helped to establish three national bison herds, four national game preserves, fifty-three federal bird refuges, and enacted the Alaska Game Laws of 1902 and 1907, a record of which any man might be proud.

The feeling of the United States Government towards wild life is now admirable, and in addition to the two great national game reserves of the Yellowstone Park and Glacier Park, Montana, there are at least a dozen smaller national reserves and nine State game preserves, besides many private parks. The game sanctuary scheme developed by the State of Pennsylvania is so good that I am tempted to give details. The State has acquired about one million acres of forest land, scattered throughout twenty-six of the sixty-seven counties of the State, called the State Forest Reserves. In suitable localities in the Forest Reserves are created five game reserves, which are marked out by a single strand of wire. Inside the wire is an *absolute* sanctuary for all wild creatures save those that prey on game. Outside of the wire hunting is allowed in the open season. These sanctuaries cover, in four cases, 3,200 acres; the fifth is slightly smaller. Needless to say, wild life around these centres is fast increasing, and the example of Pennsylvania deserves to be widely copied by other states. There is no reason at all, save the crass selfish stupidity of the democratic American with his "rights" and his lust for slaughter, why the white-tailed deer, for instance, should not become plentiful all over the continent. It would furnish a valuable food supply, easily handled; the species is prolific and quickly established on any waste lands having brush or timber. From one to two million dollars are annually brought into Maine by its white-tailed deer with some assistance from a sprinkling of moose and caribou. Why should not other States initiate so valuable a source of revenue? They have been very successfully introduced into Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Southern New York. Every national forest, again, could be stocked with wapiti *if*, and here is the rub, they could be protected. As it is, their number was estimated in 1912 at nearly 55,000, of which number 47,000 existed in the vicinity of the Yellowstone Park. The

case of the wapiti appeals to me particularly, for I found evidence of the baneful fate which dogged its footsteps when hunting in Wyoming in 1906. An organisation, which I hope is heartily ashamed of the disgraceful part it has played in the downfall of a noble beast, practically put a premium on poaching by adopting the wapiti's tooth as its badge. For the sake of these teeth, for which fantastic prices are paid, many fine stags were, and may still be, shamelessly slaughtered. I have found splendid heads which any sportsman would be proud to have hanging on his walls left to rot beside whitening bones and only these two little bits of ivory removed from the carcass. Dear old Nelson Yarnall, my hunter (does he still live, I wonder, or has he gone to happier hunting grounds?), told me many stories of fine stags in a similar condition. A firm of taxidermists, whose circular lies before me, advertise the fact that part of their business, one of the specialties indeed, is "the furnishing of extra fine perfect specimens of elk heads" to this organisation's lodges. I do not know how many of these lodges are in existence, but it would be interesting to trace the history of the heads by which they are adorned. Many, I suspect, were not killed during the open season. Despite the fact that an almost infinitesimal fraction of the original vast numbers of this splendid deer are now left, the citizens of Gardiner, Montana, covered themselves with lasting infamy by killing some hundreds of these animals which had wandered out of the Yellowstone Park confines. This was in 1911, which saw about 2,500 deaths. During the preceding winter 700 were killed by the "sports" of Idaho!

Another beautiful animal sadly in need of absolute protection is the pronghorn antelope. This gallant little beast will not survive in captivity save on enormous reserves, so that when its scanty remnants are killed off our descendants will know it not, save by pictures. The total numbers of this animal alive in the United States were estimated at 17,000 a few years ago, and it is steadily on the down grade. The provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan still permit the hunting of these unique antelope, which is absolutely wrong and ought to be stopped at once. Dr. Hornaday considers that after the pronghorn the first animal to become extinct outside protected areas will be the mountain sheep. There are only six states in which it is believed to exist, and only two localities which can claim to have killable heads, and these should not be allowed to be shot. Other varieties than the typical one are found in the north-west of the continent, and they will last longer. The great danger in such localities comes, not from the visiting sportsman, whose object it is to preserve game all over the world, but from "the deadly resident trappers, hunters and prospectors." The mule deer will be the first member of the deer family, in all probability, to become extinct. "Its curiosity is fatal." The mountain goat, that quaint, uncanny beast, will survive until most of the remaining game has disappeared. If he be not properly protected, he will not last long once his destruction has been decreed. He is much easier to kill than the big-horn, and his white coat renders him terribly conspicuous. The caribou, too, has a good chance of surviving. The moose, outside protected areas, is an easy animal to exterminate. Its trail is easily followed and its habits are well known. The moose laws of Alaska are strict towards sportsmen only, as is so often the case elsewhere, and "miners, 'prospectors' and Indians may kill as many as they please for food purposes." This clause in any code of game laws constitutes a fatal defect, but one for which it is difficult to suggest a remedy. It is the real crux of the situation in localities where its insertion in the laws is considered desirable. The Indian, at any rate, should be given no advantages over the white man, nor should he be allowed to carry firearms.

I have not the space here to enter upon a discussion as to the protection of birds except to say that I completely agree with Dr. Hornaday that automatic shot-guns should be rigidly barred.

In certain states the sale of game is now prohibited. Is it impossible for a federal law to be passed prohibiting the sale of game, furred or feathered, and, most important of all, the sale of heads and trophies except under certain rigidly supervised restrictions? "It is a fixed fact that every wild species of mammal, bird or reptile that is pursued for money making purposes eventually is wiped out of existence." Remove the incentive and the temptation will no longer exist. The constitution of the Lewis and Clark Club contains the following declaration: "*Purchase and sale of trophies.*—As the purchase of heads and horns establishes a market value, and encourages Indians and others 'to shoot for sale,' often in violation of local laws and always



to the detriment of the protection of game for legitimate sport, the Lewis and Clark Club condemns the purchase or the sale of the heads or horns of any game." I believe that in that sentence lies the future salvation of such game as still exists in the United States. Mr. Owen Wister, the

author of the most delightful book on "The West" ever written, has remarked "one cannot expect Englishmen to care whether American big game is exterminated or not; that Americans should not is a disgrace." Englishmen do care; but it is only the Americans who can save it.

## AMERICANISMS

By WILBUR T. ORR.

INCIDENTALLY the war has given a great fillip to the study of the languages of the Allies. In his new enthusiasm the Englishman, not an accomplished linguist as a rule, has plucked up enough courage to attempt even the problem of surmounting the barbed wire of the Russian script. Shall we now be seeing advertisements of "Easy Conversational Guides to American," or of tutorial courses that offer a complete mastery of the speech of the United States in ten lessons?

Let it be granted that the English visitor to New York or Chicago is not accustomed to include an interpreter's fees among the expenses of his tour. At the same time, he will not take long to discover that in the New World his mother tongue is spoken with variations that confuse and bewilder him. Some locutions would be more familiar to the ears of an Elizabethan Englishman than to those of his twentieth century descendant. It seems odd, for instance, to come across advertisements of cures for "sick nerves" or "sick kidneys" or "sick hair," but it is only in recent times that the adjective has carried with it in England the special connotation of nausea. Indeed, we ourselves retain the older and wider meaning in a few such terms as "sick-leave" and "sick-bed." The Authorised Version of the Bible, with its "sick of a fever" and "sick of the palsy," may be quoted by the American to prove that it is not he, but the Englishman, that is the innovator. A still earlier translation is authority for the curious colloquialism "you-uns" heard in some parts of the United States. In Tyndale's version of St. Matthew we may read: "And se that ye ons think not to say in yourselves, We have Abraham to oure father." "Boughten" and "gotten" are obviously no new coinages. The variety of pancake known as a "flapjack" was part of the dietary of the First Fisherman in Shakespeare's "Pericles." "Chore" is another archaism that to-day survives in its country of origin only in the first syllable of "charwoman."

Sometimes modern American speech perpetuates a usage that in England is now the idiosyncrasy of a dialect. A student of Dr. Joseph Wright's great Dialect Dictionary will run up against scores of examples. A native of Kent, accustomed to see hops planted "caterwise," has no difficulty in understanding the American "catercorner." To a Somersetshire man "riding" as a synonym for "driving" is no Americanism. "To bat an eye," that is, to wink or move the eyelids quickly, is another expression common in America, but now of no more than local vogue in England.

There is material for an elaborate treatise on words which are in everyday use in both countries, but which, somehow or another, have acquired in America a different signification. It is this kind of change that especially sets pitfalls in the path of the newcomer. Entirely strange words may puzzle, but they do not mislead him. On the other hand, when well known words are used in an unfamiliar sense, he is taken off his guard. He finds, for instance, that a "lunch" may be eaten at any hour of the day, provided that the repast is only a light one—a sort of Devonport meal, as one might say. "Dessert" is not fruit and nuts, but what we call the sweet course. Our "dessert spoon" suggests that this, again, may possibly be an antiquarian survival. If the English visitor asks for "biscuits," he will be served with hot rolls. He must be careful, too, to observe the distinction between "cakes" and "cake," the former being reserved for various preparations cooked on a griddle. When he is shopping he must not ask for "boots" unless he wants Wellingtons. Our "boots" are in America "shoes," while our "shoes" are "low shoes," "ties," or "Oxfords." "Casket" is much oftener a synonym for a coffin than for a jewel-box. Neither "transportation" nor "bug" has any such offensive meaning in America as in England. The former is simply an equivalent of "transport" and the latter of "insect." "Setting Bugs to Catch Bugs" is the title of an article in a leading newspaper describing the conflict between beneficent and mischievous bacilli.

An ex-soldier, of whatever age and of however brief a military service, may be called a "veteran." To "enjoin" is not to command, but the very opposite—to prevent by the issue of an injunction. A "corporation" is not a municipality, as a rule, but a business company. If we read of a discussion on the "franchise" question, as likely as not it has nothing to do with the suffrage, but concerns the granting of some special privilege, as, for instance, the right of a tramway company to lay down its lines in certain streets. You may "visit" a friend without calling at his house. A casual meeting and chat in the street will fulfil all the requirements of that term.

Sometimes the difference of meaning can easily be explained historically. The frequent use of "road" in the sense of "railroad" is a case in point. It is illustrated by the newspaper heading, "Statistics of Roads in the United States," which turns out to be introducing a summary of an official railway report. "In England," to quote Dr. E. A. Freeman's valuable but little read book on America, "we had everywhere roads before we had railroads; the railroad needed a qualifying syllable to distinguish it from the older and better known kind of road. But in a large part of America the railroad is actually the oldest road; there is therefore no need to distinguish it from any other." To us, "colonial" carries with it an implication of something new-fashioned and experimental, but to the American it suggests the venerable and antique. The reason is that "the American colonies" are not present-day offshoots but the original trunk. Hence, a building of colonial architecture or in the colonial style is not a light structure of the bungalow type, but a substantial erection after a seventeenth or eighteenth century pattern. A kindred term is "mission furniture," which has nothing to do with the equipment of a modern mission-hall, but points back to the early Roman Catholic missions in California, New Mexico and other parts that were once under Spanish control. "Carpet-bagger" is as familiar a term in American as in English politics. It does not signify, however, a Parliamentary candidate who has had no connection with the constituency until he arrives with his hand-luggage at the local hotel. In America this "stripe" of politician is unknown, owing to the custom which forbids the candidature of any person not already resident in the "district." It means one of the Republicans who went down from the North to get office in the Southern States during the Reconstruction period.

Cousin Jonathan's absolutely new word-coinages are a fascinating topic, and would well repay much greater attention than they have yet received from philological scholarship. We can see going on under our very eyes the same linguistic processes as have built up the vocabularies of both ancient and modern languages. Many of the new words are most graphic and picturesque. For instance, there is the "bleacher," the uncovered part of the grand stand on a football field, where the spectators have no protection from the rays of the sun. The function of a "spell-binder" at election time needs no elucidation. There is an evident fitness, again, in the use of the word "arctics" to denote fur-lined footwear for wearing in mid-winter. How many Englishmen who have never travelled in America could attach any meaning to the statement that in some parts of that country the "thank-ye-ma'am" is the bane of the motorist? This name is given to an elevation like a log half sunk into the roadbed in hilly regions and covered over with earth, its object being to keep the road from washing away in heavy rainstorms. It gets its name from the involuntary curtsy that is performed by the occupants of any carriage that drives over it. "Co-ed" is a curious term into which is packed a good deal of meaning. It was invented as a convenient word to denote a woman student at a co-educational college, and was extended later to apply to a woman student anywhere. Unless a clue were given him, it would puzzle the Englishman to know why suburban residents should commonly be called "commuters," but the

explanation is really quite simple. They are holders of the "commutation tickets" which in America serve the purpose of our season tickets.

It is in simile and metaphor that American ingenuity accomplishes its most remarkable feats. In those parts of the West that are occasionally visited by tornadoes and cyclones the cellar is a natural place of refuge on the premonition of a storm. What, then, could hit off the situation more aptly, when a politician is evading public appearances at a crisis, than to say that he has "gone to the cyclone cellar"? One may read that a certain Congressman has returned home from Washington "to mend his fences." He is actually attending to electioneering arrangements, in order to prevent his followers from straying into the fold of the opposite party. Perhaps some of the voters on the roll will absent themselves from the polling place on election day. These neutrals are said to have "taken to the woods." "Dollars to doughnuts" is as striking a metaphor as anyone could devise to express very long odds. "Your Westerner with the bark on," says a New York paper, "is fond of strong and picturesque figures of speech," and that very term would be hard to beat as an attempt to bring home forcibly the character of a crude and unpolished personality. When an American journalist is relating how His Majesty asks formal permission of the Lord Mayor before entering the City, he tells his readers that the

Lord Mayor "doesn't take the dust of" any man in London, not even the King. "To bite off more than one can chew" surely emphasises in the most pungent fashion the folly of those who undertake bigger tasks than they can carry out.

When one reads that the carpenters who are ripping up an old platform are "keeping their eyes peeled" for coins that have slid between the planks, one needs nothing further to indicate the keenness of their scrutiny. If a promise is made so definitely that there is no risk of its being recalled, how could its irrevocable nature be better expressed than by saying that "there is no string to it"? And so one might go on, filling column after column with examples of the fresh and vivid metaphor with which the American, especially in journalism and in colloquial speech, enlivens our common language and prevents it from growing fossilised. A great deal of it, no doubt, deserves to be classified as slang, but we must remember that the slang of one generation is often adopted into the authorised literary usage of the next. It is only by such bold experiments that the language of any country can preserve its vitality. As long as English remains the everyday medium of conversation and writing in America—there are no signs as yet that it is likely to be supplanted by Esperanto—we need not fear that it will become an outworn tongue.

## AN ARMY IN THE MAKING

IT was a great undertaking to transform the standing Army of Great Britain into an army fit to cope on equal terms with the armed forces of the strongest military power in the world. But still more stupendous is the task upon which the United States are engaged of expanding the National Guard into an army comparable with those on the European Continent. Like all democracies, that of the United States has clung passionately to the ideal and hope of peace. Besides, the country with the broad Atlantic as its frontier was in no need of maintaining for defence the huge military forces which were deemed necessary on the Continent of Europe, where nations who had often been at war, and might be so again, faced each other eternally. Nevertheless, outside Germany no doubt is felt that America will rise to this achievement. When her army comes in, it will almost certainly be the strongest in the field. We do not say this altogether on account of the vastness of the population which can be drawn upon, though that in itself is a fact of stupendous importance. But in warfare the American has ever shown himself to be as tenacious as his British forefathers, and even more adaptable. Pre-eminently the United States is a land of machinery, and this great contest is above all things a war of machinery. That is the feature which distinguishes it from the great struggles of the past. We say that without in any way belittling the extraordinary mechanical devices employed in antiquity. The Romans were keener about nothing than the machinery of war, and to this day their inventions commend the admiration of every intelligent student. Yet how insignificant they are as compared with those of to-day! It did not dawn upon them that accurate shooting could be made possible at a distance of miles. And, indeed, there is no room for astonishment at that, because no military authorities of the twentieth century fully understood when hostilities were begun that one result of the war would be to give such a stimulus as it had never received before to mechanical invention. It has been brought to bear on every fighting department. Not only have guns and shells been improved, but so has their technique. Flying has made more progress in the three years during which it has been practised for war purposes than it did in all the previous years since its invention. With that, fighting in the air has attained a degree of skill as well as of daring that were unimaginable in the summer of 1914. Engineering, again, has received development that could not have been foreseen or rendered believable a few years ago. In Italy, mountains have been mined through and toppled over in fragments, yet even the performances on the Carso have been surpassed by that extraordinary series of mines whose explosion laid the foundation for the victory at Messines. The reader will easily enlarge these branches of mechanical activity. We mention them only to suggest how readily the American genius will fall in with them. Be it remembered that the American army, like our own, is being formed of all sorts and degrees of citizens. In the case of the United States, however, the greater majority

of these new soldiers must come from workshop and factory, because the American genius has concentrated on industry. There is no country in the world in which more use is made of labour-saving tools and machines. The legend usually attributed to Chicago that machinery is so much perfected that a pig may go into the one end of a tube alive and come out of the other in the form of sausage is but an exaggerated rendering of the truth that everywhere in America the tendency is to substitute mechanical for hand labour. One result not without interest from a military point of view is that more work per man can be got out of the American mechanic than out of any other in the world. We may be very sure that the American army will take to the mechanical devices used in this war as a duck takes to water. Another point in favour of the newest of our Allies is that they will enter the war at a time when they can make use of the fruits of experience. The advantage of this becomes more visible every day. The German army was raised to what appeared to be the highest degree of efficiency before the declaration of hostilities. Great Britain, though efficient as far as she went, was behind the great central military power in recognition of the changes which modern science had produced in war. Our people, for instance, had not gauged the part that machine guns would play. The Germans came in with something like twenty times the machine guns to a division that Great Britain had. Our people also were unaware that the strongest type of fortification could not stand against really heavy artillery. The fall of Liège and Namur surprised all but a select fraction of military opinion. The Germans there had calculated and arranged beforehand with a scientific knowledge that was lacking in their rivals. Nevertheless, in spite of these drawbacks, Great Britain not only made up the leeway, but drew alongside and passed Germany—beating her, in point of fact, with her own weapons. It is a fair inference that if Great Britain could do that, America will do it still better.

In a way the framework of the new structure closely resembles that with which the late Lord Kitchener had to deal when, having recognised with his far-seeing eyes that the war would last three years at least, he set about preparing an army for the Continent. He had a nucleus in the splendidly trained and equipped professional army, the most efficient for its size in the world. America, too, has its nucleus of a standing professional army, only it has not seen the service which ours has. From the start Great Britain has had officers who had fought in every clime and under the most varied conditions. Comparatively speaking, the disturbances on the Western Continent have been insignificant and have afforded the American soldier little opportunity of acquiring real military experience. Their National Guard may be described roughly as the equivalent of our Territorials. The National Guard is a state organisation and originally was not allowed to fight beyond its own state frontiers without special permission. In the mighty army, with its possibility of being raised almost immediately to ten millions,



America has what we may call her Kitchener's Army. Both must be described as improvisations hastily provided to deal with a great emergency. Undoubtedly Lord Kitchener had some advantage in possessing not only classes from which officers could be drawn, but a little band of splendid military men with unsurpassed knowledge and experience. Still the United States is not bereft of resources even in this respect.

First, and most important of all, the country is one in which the young men are expected to take early command of enterprises of their own—commercial, industrial, and what not—so that they are accustomed to command and handle men—a very great essential. This practical efficiency is almost invariably backed up by a first-rate education. Undoubtedly the material exists in abundance out of which good officers can be quickly made. Again, the schools and colleges will contribute something towards this end. They do not have anything very like our Officers Training Corps, which, happily

set going a few years ago and nursed by Lord Roberts and others of his way of thinking, proved invaluable in providing Kitchener's Army with officers; but the United States' schools and colleges have not been idle. Many have included some military training in their curriculum, and in certain cases where Government financial help is given this military training has been insisted on.

These, then, are the materials out of which the New American Army is being moulded. The means to be adopted are pretty much the same as those which Great Britain has adopted with conspicuous success. Camps are being formed as with us, and at them the recruits are being put under a highly intensive drill and preparation. They will have to work very hard acquiring knowledge of drill and getting hardened by plenty of marching and outdoor life. At the same time instructors who have studied warfare as it is going on will instil into them some idea of the theory of the subject. In a word, nothing will be omitted which intelligence, energy and determination can supply.

## THE AMERICAN COUNTRY

BY "TRAVELLER"

**A**LTHOUGH to understand the America of to-day and its forces it is necessary to go to the towns, there is a marvellous background of spaciousness and exuberant nature which must be remembered also and taken into account. The American did not make that verdant and Eden-like background, but it has partly made him. Nations have a sort of land-consciousness; and just as the vastness of Russia gives the ordinary Russian (whom, be it said, you scarcely ever meet in London) a suggestion of largeness and mystery, so the American, though he materialise in your presence New York, Boston, Washington, Chicago and the self-sufficiency of the city, yet has something else about him, a sense, a whisper, of the infinite reserve of his homeland.

Perhaps it would not be unjust to the city to say that where Americans have become truly great it has generally been in individuals who have been mirrors in a greater degree of the majesty and beauty and immensity of Nature. It is certainly true that America's great literary men, those who have spoken not only for themselves, but for humanity—Whitman, Thoreau, Longfellow, Emerson and others—have had this consciousness in a greater degree than usual.

Leagues are more plentiful there than miles with us. Great forests still remain; giant trees undecayed and mighty climb nearer to the skies. Even where primeval Nature has been cleared and cultivated the eye ranges over an endless territory. Farms bulk large, and men, even business men, are bound to think in a large way, brain and heart expanding genially because of extra room and extra air. Even the stars seem to be higher in the heavens than they are over Europe, the roads run outward to remoter horizons. Crooked paths and winding lanes do not make psychology in America as perhaps they do in England, and, generally speaking, the American countryman is plainer and simpler than his counterpart in Britain, even when both are stupid.

I suppose to-day, though America has many rebels "hiking" her roads and vagabondising in her woods, she has not many Thoreaus. But she has the wildernesses and riversides and lakesides where many Thoreaus might be. There the stream flows undefiled, sparkling and crystal in the eternal morning of untouched Nature; the steady standing trees dream in the fulness of light; the birds sing; and multifarious furry creatures of the woods live out their infinitely marvellous life.

It is such a rich land and so easy to live there that humanity would of necessity have relaxed and lost its fineness had it not been for Providence who, working through the hands of men, produced the clash and the tension between the last word of civilisation and the last word of the unutterable loveliness of nature. How good it is to live in the American country! It must seem Paradise to the first generation settled upon the land; no restraint, no Northern disparity between labour and harvest, fatter ears of corn, finer crops of hay, weather which causes the Briton to lose his habit of abusing it. And then, no squire, no rector, no one to touch the hat to, the working man lord and master, even God a little bit remote. I see now the huge red barns, the farmer in his buggy, the farmer in his car, the farmer's girls playing the piano in the morning and dreaming of going to Paris for their holidays, the well fed farmer's wife with her buttermilk hospitality for tramps, the spacious house, the

inevitable porch-swing on the veranda, the gauze-covered windows without glass, fresh air passing all the time through every room, the bedding airing on the lawn, the wheel of the windmill chattering gaily as it revolves and lavishly wasting the water which it forces from its pipes whether anyone wishes to draw it or no. Agricultural and farming America is a great relief after the hustle of a city. It is another America existing simultaneously with both the forest primeval and the civilisation of the cities; a garden America. The cities do not stretch out in slumland or in degraded workmen's cottages as do London and Manchester and the rest, but in park and garden settlement. From a city like Cleveland, for instance, one travels some eight or ten miles past lawn after lawn with little fountains playing. Provincial towns, excepting the purely industrial ones, have been altogether reduced to type by the country, and the city fails to become objectionably city-like even at its centre. The high street is a dense avenue of trees, the houses are all detached, the people sleep on their verandas at night the whole summer through, everyone is clean, wears clean linen, and has mastered all the principles of hygiene.

It is certainly curious that upon occasion the neighbouring town to one of these verdant garden cities will turn out to be as ugly a patch of industrialism as anything we could find in Lancashire, nay, worse, and the people on the tram cars which connect them or fly through them both do not seem annoyed. The faith of America is that all the ugly places will in time give way to their natural beauty and that even the worst factory and mining life might be conducted under conditions satisfactory to the rigorous demands of hygiene. The visitor, however, remains sceptical when the town in question is producing soft coal and the inhabitants are Slavs or "Hunkies," "Wops," "Guineas," as the settled American calls the various peoples who do not speak "the language."

Nature in her immensity lies westward and southward. The great mass of the population is still predominantly in the east; there certainly Nature is tamed down. It is a thousand miles westward to Chicago, and then one is only a third across, one has not reached the "Middle West," as it is called; you will hardly see the pioneers at work carrying on in 1917 what the Pilgrim Fathers started three hundred years ago. Great railroads traverse the broad lands and the little expresses fly along them. The electric cars supplement the trains, and it is said that you can go half across America simply changing from one trolley to another. The maps of the individual States show the tram lines in a bewildering network of red ink; the light Ford cars tumble past one another in an endless procession, women drive their own cars, workmen also; if a man cannot afford a car he strides a motor bicycle with a cushioned seat behind his saddle where his girl or his wife may sit. On Sundays and holidays there is an inferno of hootings and horn blowings proceeding through whirling clouds of dust in which may be vaguely discerned joy riders without hats, coats or waistcoats. The vociferous and self-assertive America of the East, the America which faces us, influences us most and is best known to us. It seems as if it would make the whole of Eastern America into one great stone-shod civilisation, as if it did not care for the beauty of nature, was bored by it and constantly needed to shake

at it the maledictory hand of industrialism. And yet, if one has travelled through that land at leisure or on foot, or lived awhile at ease in the agricultural part, one knows that Nature insidiously wins her way and speaks. The American land keeps moulding the American. It breeds in him an affection for his home—not for his cities, but for his fields, his rivers, his mountains. All Americans have it, and not only those born and bred in America and of old family, but those not long from Europe. The latter have it less, but it is amazing that they have it at all. Perhaps,

after all, the actual land on which we live has more power to make nationality than even watchwords and songs and literature and a flag. The English apple tree in America begins after a while to grow a slightly different type of apple. The Adam tree grows an Adam in which the land of nurture speaks for herself. We British do not now resemble in any clear way the other Saxons who remained in Germany. Our land has moulded us and speaks in us. And if there is something intrinsically beautiful in the depths of our British soil it may be coming out spiritually in us through history.

## THE SOUL OF AMERICA

BY RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.

IS it not her womanhood? and, indeed, is not womanhood the world over the soul of all humanity? It always strikes me it is markedly so in America, and that more and more that soul is finding its level, and that level a very lofty one. Nothing represents and typifies a nation at its highest so vividly and outstandingly as does its womanhood, and nowhere to-day do you find womanhood more completely and satisfactorily expressed and demonstrated than in America. That is, of course, only at its best. Individually you will often discover, and be painfully impressed by, certain phases of womanhood in the great cities of America which leave you almost in despair of the whole sex; but from the broad, national, typical and representative point of view American womanhood is almost always what it ought to be, and that without being in any sense of the word priggish or super-woman.

The curious subtleties of Henry James' women, the keen, though ultra-feminine intellectuality of George Meredith's women, Thomas Hardy's magnificent feminine peasantry of the English villages, even the women of Jack London and Robert Chambers, all find their living exponents and exemplars in the American woman of to-day. Whether they founded their sex characteristics on their individual interpretations of George Meredith's marvellous conceptions, or whether he had American women mainly in his mind, it is impossible to conjecture. But the fact to me, at all events, remains clear as crystal, that in all essential respects Meredith's heroines still walk the streets of New York and Boston and Baltimore, though indeed it is rare enough to see them flitting down our narrow pathways, or along the broad highway of Piccadilly, or even in the happy hunting grounds of Leicestershire.

The main thing that emerges out of the welter of social life in America is its extraordinary, I might even say its extravagant, worship of the woman-idea. It is exaggerated to a point that emphasises it with intense disagreeableness in the ordinary English person who encounters it for the first time. Neither Englishmen nor Englishwomen really like or sympathise with it. It is too unnatural; it appears to lack sincerity; it demands such a constant strain and such untiring living up to it on the part of the woman, and such a hopelessly unnatural attitude of humble devotion on the part of the man, that finally absolute boredom puts an end to a mode and habit of life which is simply laughably impossible to the ordinary English constitution, taking the word in its widest meaning.

No woman was ever quite so wonderful and so impossibly perfect as this curious American cult, which is absolutely national, would invariably make her out to be. And a good thing too. But it is, nevertheless, a cult which sedulously impresses itself and is impressed upon the rising generation as a rule and conduct of life. And this works disastrously frequently enough in after life, demanding as it does in married life an almost ludicrous perfection of life and demeanour which neither side can possibly hope to live up to in its entirety and which in the end tumbles hopelessly to the ground. And in this respect American womanhood, through the exaggerated idealism of its men mainly, fails to realise all that the nation demands of it.

But at the same time, let it not be imagined that American womanhood itself is a failure; it is so much the reverse, indeed, that one sometimes catches one's self wondering whether any other womanhood is even worth considering. The womanhood of America that has emancipated itself from the idealistic restrictions I have hinted at is, in certain respects, the most outstanding feature in the life of the Western world, but it stands as a dazzling exemplar for all the world to eulogise and to imitate.

In the American woman's mentality one finds reflected as in a mirror the best side of the nation, and especially in such a crisis as the present. It is the same as in England, with a difference, the difference that comes, naturally enough, of birth, environment and education. A woman across the Atlantic is exceptionally intelligent, even though she may not carry such heavy armour intellectually as her English sister. But she has preserved her intuition better than has the ordinary Englishwoman, with whom that faculty has either always remained or in the course of centuries has degenerated into the natural instinct of the animal, and the animal on the defensive, rather than the delicate, highly sensitised and very exceptionally developed quality known as intuition, which is so thoroughly characteristic of the American woman.

It is this rarefied mental atmosphere and certain tendencies of the sex which combine to present the American woman as the finest, if, perhaps, too civilised, type of her sex that the world has yet experienced.

And yet, idealistic though it be to a fault and almost ludicrously self-conscious, American femininity is possessed to the full of a capacity for practical common-sense and for the material side of existence such as has not been surpassed in all the history of womanhood, wherein will be mainly evidenced her quality and capacity for confronting the present terrible exigencies. It is almost beyond human imagining to conceive the emergency which womanhood could not face, and face with equanimity; but it is permissible to enquire into the means and methods by which such growing and triumphant results are attained.

And, not to put too fine a point upon it, or to diffuse causations more widely than is consonant with actual facts, we may as well eliminate the other sex altogether. As a rule, in the great emergencies and exigencies of life, womanhood finds its own soul in its own way and at its own time. Here in England, with scarce a word from man, woman went to the work of her redemption, and in America we may rest well assured it will be the same all over again.

With, one may be permitted to hope, the extravagances that have gone so far to dim the lustre of feminine effort and accomplishment here in England carefully eliminated, our painful experiences need not be there repeated save of *malice prepense*. There is no earthly occasion for a repetition of our blunders of inexperience in New York or Washington, nor need the travail of woman's soul in the Eastern Hemisphere be parodied in the Western.

In the best sense of the word, femininity will reflect the entire national emotions of America and give them fitting exposition, and that without possibility of misunderstanding.

Here motives have been so much mixed and issues so extraordinarily confused, and there has been such tragic misrepresentation and misapprehension all round, that there have been moments when the woman's effort has appeared to be on the verge of collapse, though, as a triumphant matter of fact, all is now comparatively plane sailing in a placid sea and woman is finding her level with the rest of the cosmos.

The whole sex has been revolutionised, very unpleasantly from certain points of view and under certain unlovely guises, but things are settling down; or we are less delicately susceptible, and warnings and terrible examples by the thousand remain to keep America fairly on the straight.

The end is the same in either case. Never have the times been so favourable for the development of the woman soul and never has the sex displayed itself to greater advantage, or, for the matter of that, to put it quite frankly, to greater disadvantage, and it will probably be the same all over again with the womanhood of America.



# AMERICAN CIVIC ARCHITECTURE

BY

CECIL C. BREWER

RUPERT BROOKE, in the second of his "Letters from America," named architecture as one of the things in which that country excelled England. This opinion from a man of his training and insight may surprise those who have not closely followed the progress of architecture in the States, but the justice of it can scarcely be challenged by any fair-minded traveller, be he architect or layman, who has studied their newer civic buildings. It is well that England, which was, till this generation, the leader of the architecture of America, should realise that she is now the follower; the Atlantic ferry brings to Liverpool more things than passengers and freight, as students of our latest buildings, especially in that city, may see. There is too commonly an impression, based on photographs and descriptions of the harbour view of New York, that American architecture is an affair of skyscrapers. Miraculous as has been the building of that cliff city—the image is irresistible at sunset or dawn—and swiftly as the practical and æsthetic problems of these towers are being solved, the skyscrapers still form but a small part of that building art which architects of all countries are watching with wide and envious eyes.

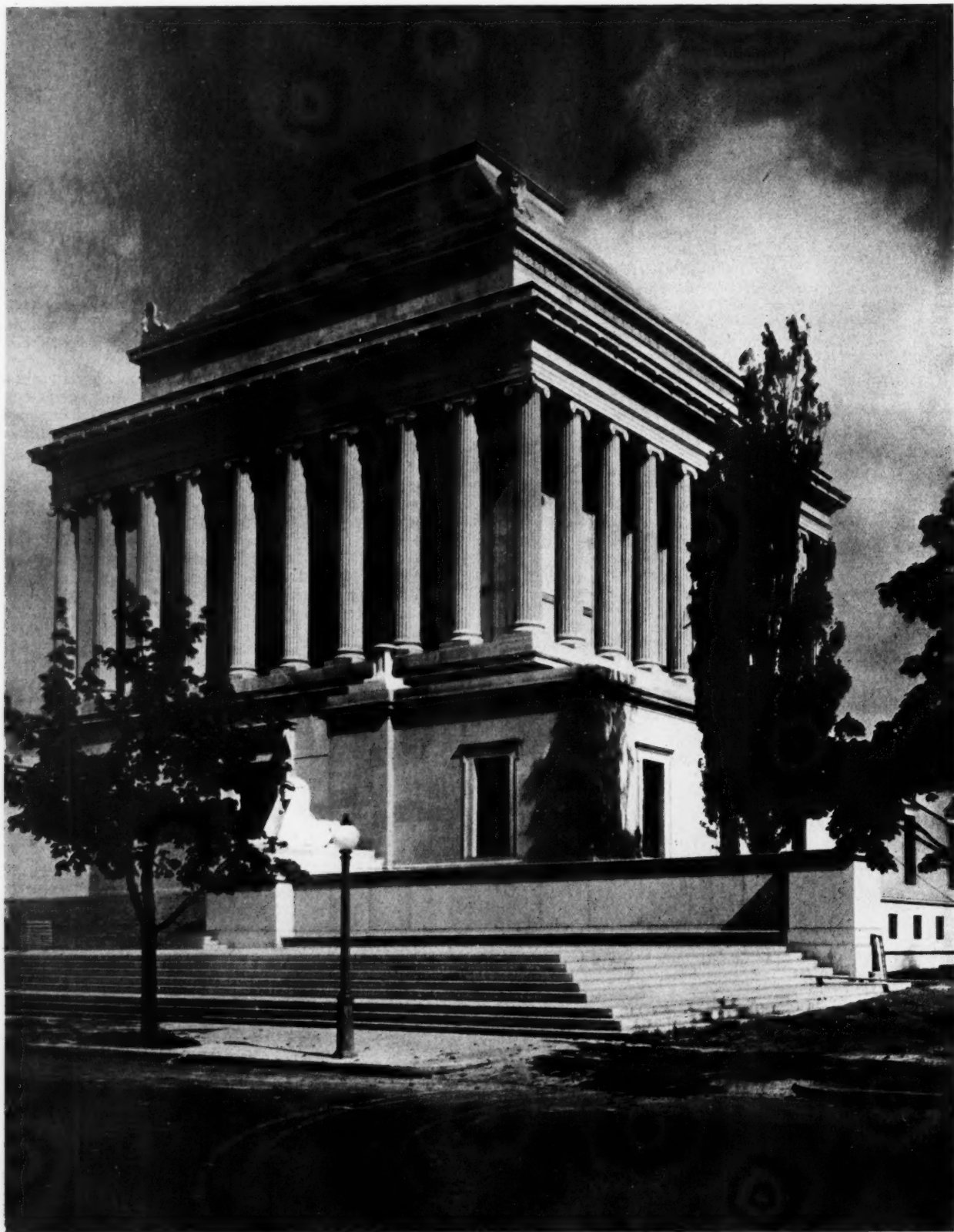
Architecture in America was born with a silver spoon in her mouth. The success with which the early settlers, both Dutch and English, adapted their parent architecture to the needs and slender resources of the new country is well known. The spacious dignity and elegance of the New England and Virginian towns are the best memorials to the vigour and spirit of the founders of America; they tell the tale of so fine a civilisation that the visitor to them almost ceases to wonder at the childlike desire of Americans to prove their early Colonial descent. The faculty of colonists for transplanting the best of their native architecture and so tending it that it takes root and flourishes in the new soil—a faculty which may be traced from classic times through the early settlements in both Americas, Africa and the East—must have been drowned by the flood of Victorian emigration. Our later colonists would seem to have carried with them only the weeds of industrialism if their civilisation were to be judged by their architecture alone. It is, of course, true that the designs for some of the early American buildings were imported from Europe, but more vital things than drawings must have come with them.



NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY.  
(Carrère and Hastings.)

The resultant Colonial style was not a great and monumental architecture, but it had serenity and charm, and one is sorry that, for the moment, its inspiration has waned with the younger men; but it will always remain a great architectural asset of the nation. From this fine early flowering what followed? All went tolerably well till the

the States, and to this day, but for Cram and Goodhue's daring accomplishment at West Point, and certain vivid work based on Spanish-American tradition by the same men at Havana, and by Carrère and Hastings in Florida, there are few buildings of interest which do not show classical origin. The most solid form emerging from the prevailing



MASONIC TEMPLE OF THE SCOTTISH RITE, WASHINGTON.

(John Russell Pope.)

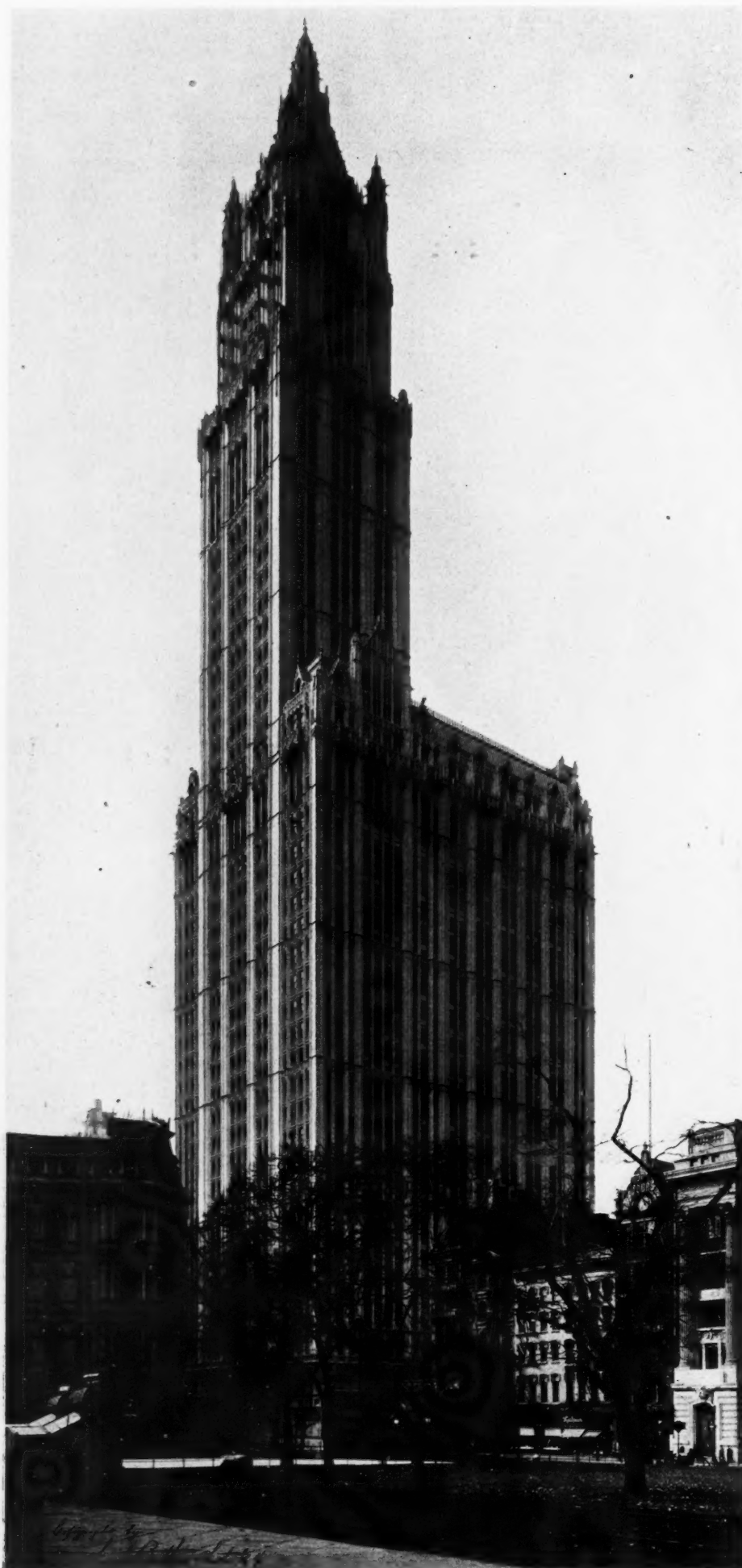
end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, but America did not escape the architectural fog which then overwhelmed all civilised countries; and though one can trace the shadows of most of our own will-o'-the-wisp fashions, distinctive work of the mid century is rare. Only a thin and distorted image of the Gothic revival reached

mediaevalism was the Romanesque of that original, if somewhat clumsy, giant Richardson. His was a great talent, and hopes may well have risen high as to the future; but his many followers seized the trimmings and missed the spirit of his buildings. His own work remains his monument. It was in the latter part of the century that better things





THE MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS, NEW YORK.  
(McKim, Meade and White.)



WOOLWORTH BUILDING, NEW YORK.  
(Cass Gilbert.)

came, chiefly through the steadying influence of two great men (both Paris trained)—Richard M. Hunt and, later, Charles F. McKim.

At this time America, looking across to Europe for guidance, could find in one nation only, France, a logical and flourishing system of architectural education. England was waging once more her fatuous battle of the styles, and her dying apprenticeship system had nothing to offer; but France had no doubts as to how architecture should be taught, and had moreover a vigorous traditional school of architecture. And so, not only did American students flock to Paris, but in the early nineties ateliers were founded in New York. Since then all architectural training in the States has been remodelled on the French system. It is amazing how this foreign teaching is being shaped to their needs, and how soon the work of even the imported French professors is broadened and takes on a less Gallic air. This wholesale handing over of the architectural conscience into the keeping of another nation might have had disastrous results to a less vigorous and purposeful people than the Americans. It is as if they had said, "See here, this making of a new architecture is a very complicated proposition; our architects are overwhelmed with the conception, planning and arrangement of vast schemes in comparison with which these eternal questions of style and the invention of details are but idioms. Let us quit talking about such things. We will go over and borrow a sound and logical grammar of architecture and the principles of fine and direct planning; if, with these at our elbow, we can but work steadily for a while, keeping our faith in the future and ourselves solving the practical problems of our expansion, something may arrive." Assuredly something is arriving; what, it is early to say. But if American architects will aim at satisfying the nation's needs broadly and honestly, without self-consciousness, and will hold fast to the *spirit* of the classic tradition which they have adopted, they may find that it is a national style which has been born to them.

It is not professional education alone that has brought about this kindling



of the architectural sense of the nation. It must be remembered that, in the end, it is the people and their rulers, not architects, that make architecture. Just as a community has been said to get the government it deserves, so surely is its civic architecture the outcome of its own

and civic buildings as it has over its houses and estates, might not our cities be less of a reproach to us to-day and our civic architecture at least the equal of our domestic? In America these same men are town-proud, and town-pride leads to town-study and town-ideals which are of so much



ASTOR COURT, NEW YORK.  
(Charles A. Platt.)

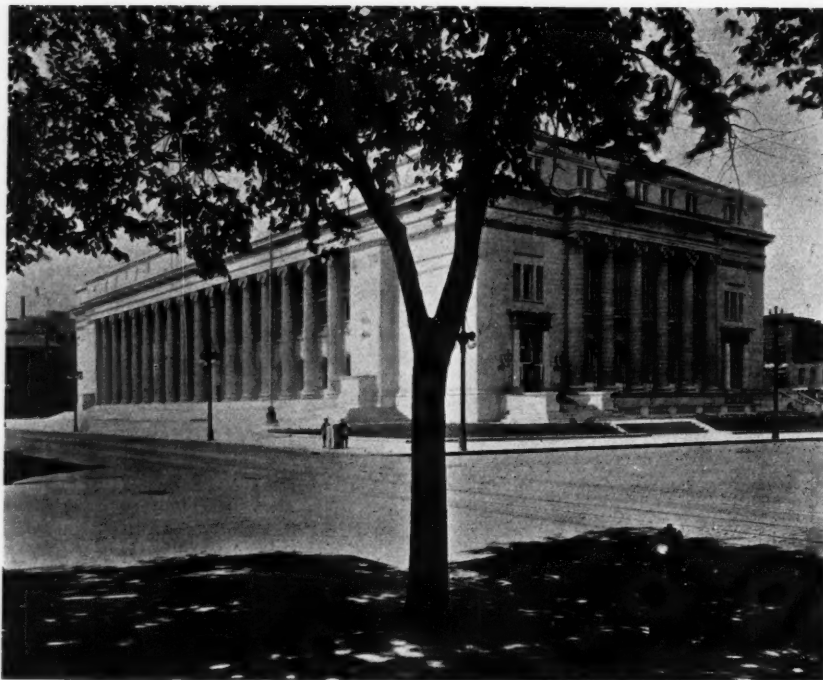
ambitions. Civic pride has become a national characteristic of the United States. In England, not only the newly rich, but the whole governing class is house-proud, garden-proud, estate-proud—and our domestic architecture yields place to none. If this class had exercised the same care over our towns

greater importance than fine individual buildings. There can be few towns in the States for which an Improvement Commission has not been appointed or a Future Development Plan prepared; and though, of course, plans and reports are not always acted upon, great interest has been

roused in civic life and architecture. American architects have not been afraid to take their part in the fight for town improvements and to claim the right to be heard which their training gives them, just as surely as medical training gives doctors the right to speak on matters of public health. The buildings resulting from this civic activity may seem in some instances grandiose for the present state of the towns they adorn; one is haunted by the fear lest the measure of a city's greatness

may come to be, not the number, health and happiness of its inhabitants, but the number and size of the classic columns in its buildings. A substantial tax, to be paid to the national exchequer for every column, may be suggested not only as a source of revenue, but as a healthy incentive to architectural invention, both in America and in this country.

Even if it is true that in the States the buildings are at times in advance of the institutions which they

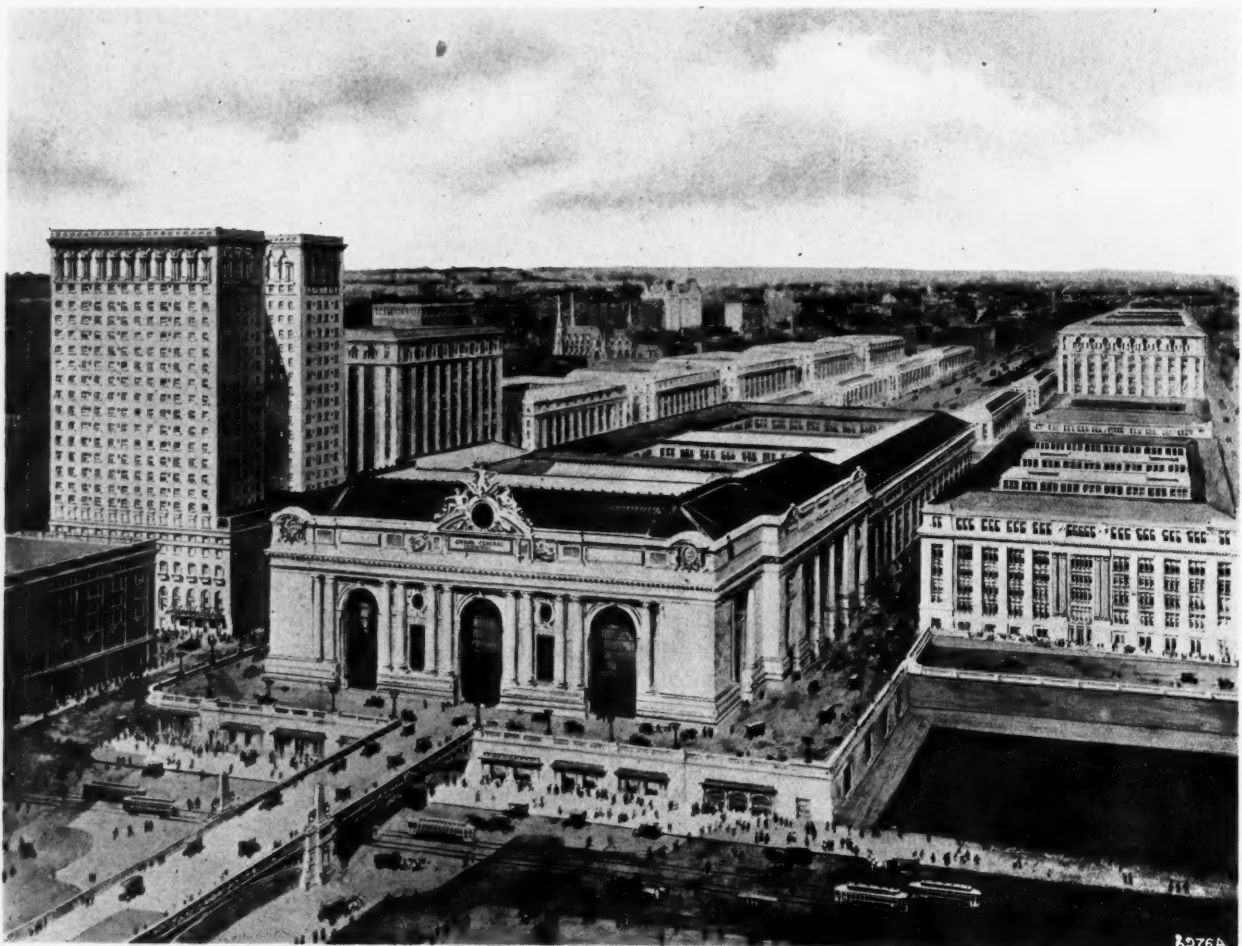


A POST OFFICE IN A PROVINCIAL TOWN.

(Tracy and Swartwout.)

house, yet the modern local art galleries cannot be mistaken for auction rooms nor the post offices for dingier and less prosperous public houses. They have, indeed, realised that the railway station is the modern gate of the city; and no town will now rest content with the tin shed in the back street, which is all that our provincial imagination can achieve. McKim's great station for the Pennsylvania Railway Company, for all its masterly accomplishment, is a triumph not only for the architect. That

the management should share in the creation of a station from which all advertisements are banned, where news stalls are not allowed to overpower the ticket offices, and where the quiet and easy coming and going of passengers seems the first aim, is, indeed, a hopeful sign for more than architecture. If ever such ideas dawn in England, we may be given stations that are more than hotel buildings through which we are allowed to grope and bump our way



GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK.

(Warren and Wetmore.)





MAIN FRONT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA STATION.  
(McKim, Meade and White.)

to trains. No; we shall not be given, we shall demand as a right—and it will be from other railway managers than those who are to-day fighting to perpetuate Charing Cross Bridge. Then English architects and engineers will follow worthily in the steps of those fine pioneers whose achievements at King's Cross and Euston have been almost obliterated by the companies.

What are the characteristics of this American architecture which, by common consent, has reached so high a standard to-day, from which so much is hoped? I would answer, dignity, spaciousness, breadth, courage and competence. It is, above all, the architecture of a competent and courageous people; of a people firmly convinced of the future, both of their race and of their cities; a people believing in the value of fine architecture as a national asset, and in fine towns as an inspiration to national betterment.

It is a temptation at times to say that it is in a less degree the architecture of courageous architects. But who can say that the truest courage, in this time of frantic growth, does not lie in taking quite freely from the past, so long as the spirit is that of the future? It must be admitted that no decorative detail can be found in modern American buildings (except in those of that brilliant experimenter, Louis Sullivan, and his followers in the West) which is not borrowed quite frankly from well known sources. But it is the borrowing of men

who know well how to use what they have taken; a borrowing which seems likely to be soon repaid with the added interest of fresh native life. The imagination for great projects, the conception, the executive power, these are not borrowed; the competence, the singleness of purpose and, above all, the feeling for mass and light and shade, these are native, and with these, when we can also add truth, the future will be safe.

CECIL C. BREWER.

[A few notes on the buildings illustrated may be added by way of pendant to Mr. Brewer's appreciation of the spirit of American civic architecture. That three of our pictures should be given to the work of McKim, Meade and White is only reasonable in view of the commanding influence that Mr. McKim wielded during his lifetime. The Woolworth Building, the tallest in the world, has an interest apart from its mere size and its quality as a *tour de force* of architectural engineering. Mr. Cass Gilbert's daring in clothing such a behemoth with a garment of Gothic detail seems to be justified by its success, for it achieves an undeniable picturesqueness.

Mr. Charles H. Platt's work in the domestic field is already familiar to readers of COUNTRY LIFE. Regarded by his admirers as the Lutyens of America, he is an exception to the general rule that the more notable work of America shows the impress of Beaux Arts principles. Mr. Platt has gone to Italy rather than to France for the inspiration of his houses, and this is to be seen also in his Astor Court. Mr. John Russell Pope has shown great skill in his adaptation of the general idea of the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus to the purposes of a Masonic temple. The "Post Office in a Provincial Town" is at Denver, and reminds us, in the treatment of its side elevation, of Sir John Burnet's north front of the British Museum. —Ed.]



PLATFORMS AND CONCOURSE, PENNSYLVANIA STATION.  
(McKim, Meade and White.)

## MONTROSE

Gin' I should fa',  
 Lord, by ony chance  
 An' thae howms o' France  
 Haud me for guid an' a',  
 An' gin' I gang to Thee,  
 Lord, dinna blame  
 But oh! tak' tent, tak' tent o' an Angus lad like me  
 An' let me hame!

I winna seek to bide  
 Awa' ower lang  
 Gin' ye'll let me gang  
 Back to yon rowin' tide,  
 For yont, Montrose—my ain—  
 Sits like a queen,  
 The Esk ae side, ae side the sea whaur she's set her lane  
 On the bents between.

I'll hear the bar  
 Loupin' in its place  
 An' see the steeple face  
 Dim, i' the creepin' haar;  
 An' the toun-clock's sang  
 Will cry through the weit  
 An' the coal-bells ring, aye ring on the cairts as they gang  
 I' the droukit street.

Heav'n's hosts are glad,  
 Heaven's hames are bricht,  
 An' in yon streets o' licht  
 Walks mony an Angus lad;  
 But my he'rt 's aye back  
 Whaur my ain toun stands  
 An' the steeple's shade is laid when the tide's at the slack  
 On the weit sands.

VIOLET JACOB.

## LIKE DEW IN HARVEST TIME

BY ISABEL BUTCHART.

MERCIFULLY, the love of trees and waters is eternal. Between Isaiah and Yeats time stands still. The Hebrew prophets suggest to most people a *dies iræ* rather than a day in the country. They offer thunder, not peace. But, for all its mourning and desolation and unconquerable hope, we may turn to the book of Isaiah and the unknown prophets who share his name for the sake of the little winds that blow through his pages and the sun that shines there and his enchanted waters—waters above all, more precious in his land than sun or flowers. For sunshine is common as daylight, and the passionate spring of Palestine makes the earth a glory of flowers once a year, but to be led beside still waters is ever the dream of the Eastern soul.

Far be it from anyone to shut his eyes often to the grandeur and the significance of the prophecies of Isaiah. Nevertheless, there is a small green-bound copy of his book pencil-marked by its owner just for tired days, or days in city pent, and read in happy inconsequence in change with Wordsworth or Fiona Macleod, when the longing for "rivers of water in a dry place" becomes almost pain.

"The waters of Shiloah that go softly" are not to her that reed-fringed stream they were to Isaiah. And your name for them is not the same as her name. It may be long since you stood beside them (and you may never see them again), but in memory they go softly still.

"A place of broad rivers and streams." The expression is metaphorical, but to one following the detached pencil-marked phrases it means for the moment just rivers and streams somewhere in the country, where "the earth is at rest and is quiet." And a few pages further on joyously the words fall into rhythm:

In the wilderness shall waters break out,  
 And streams in the desert.  
 And the parched ground shall become a pool,  
 And the thirsty land springs of water:  
 In the habitation of dragons where each lay,  
 Shall be grass with reeds and rushes.

Grass with reeds and rushes! and lovelier still:

Then had thy peace been as a river,  
 And thy righteousness as the waves of the sea.

Surely Hebrew and Celt touch hands across the centuries. The dew has two exquisite lines:

Like a cloud of dew in the heat of harvest,

and

Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust.  
 For thy dew is as the dew of herbs.

Flowers and leaves are to Isaiah less symbolical of beauty than of the changes and troubles of this transitory life:

We all do fade as doth a leaf.  
 Ye shall be as an oak whose leaf fadeth.

and

Whose glorious beauty is a fading flower.

Nevertheless, on one radiant page:

The desert shall rejoice,  
 And blossom as the rose.  
 It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice  
 Even with joy and singing.

The word "willows" casts such spell that to its slaves even the expression "to wear the willow" has something of charm. We may dream with the poplars in summer, the silver birch, leafless against the winter sky, may be the desire of our eyes, we may believe with a certain child that "the fir trees have always such nice thoughts," but when we want freshness and greenness what can compare with Isaiah's "brook of the willows," his "willows by the water-courses"? We are given no details, but who needs them? Can you not see the willows?

There are other trees in the book, but "the shittah tree, and the myrtle, and the oil tree" have no guiding pencil-line beside them as have "the fir tree and the pine," which are to be "set in the desert." These may or may not be the fir and pine we know. The owner of the book has never had any curiosity on that point, for to one of northern birth the very names are music—and there the matter ends.

There are birds, too, in Isaiah, but birds of mournful breed: the owl, the bittern and the stork—symbols of desolation rather than of freedom. There is nothing to equal the tender, poignant lament of the exile in the Psalms—that even the little happy birds were free to fly in and out of the



ruined Temple at Jerusalem and build their nests on the very altar, while homesick by the far waters of Babylon, he himself sat down and wept.

Is it due to the inspiration of the prophet's thoughts or to the inspiration of the old translators that such English as that in the little green book has never been written since? Words are used with an austerity that is in itself beauty. They are only the most ordinary words used by ordinary

people but they are changed mysteriously into utter loveliness. And where Isaiah touches perfection he is not even helped by willows, streams and dew:

Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty:  
They shall behold the land that is very far off.

Into those quiet words are folded all longing and all fulfilment, and beauty passing even the beauty of trees and waters.

## AMERICAN LOVE OF ART

BY D. CROAL THOMSON.

THE love of art by an American, a travelled citizen of the United States, is as natural and deep-rooted as any instinct that inspires the human race. It may happen that other interests also prompt the American to travel; but, *au fond*, it is the love of

artistic things and seeing them and reading about them on the spot and comparing them with other similar achievements which in ordinary times principally move him to cross the Atlantic and examine the treasures of his European forebears. It goes without saying that it is not only the cultivated American man, but also his wife, and perhaps principally his daughters, who come to Europe to understand the arts of the past, as well as sympathise with and cultivate the arts of the present.

As I can aver from personal knowledge, many American young people prepare themselves long beforehand by studies, extending over years in some cases, to put themselves in the proper frame of mind and cultivation adequately to appreciate what they set out to see.

In the present state of affairs in Europe this activity is, of course, entirely suspended, but the reading and the thinking will go on quietly but efficiently in the hope that before very long travel will again be possible. Moreover, the advent of the American youth into the war—who will, like our own brave soldiers, season the soil of Europe and make it holy, personally and naturally, by their blood—must raise the wish to travel from a mild love of adventure to a sacred duty in which every gallant family of America will possibly participate.

After carrying out a journey such as a previous generation called the "Grand Tour"—England, Scotland, France, Italy, up to 1914, making the voyage sometimes every year for a decade or more—the American begins to think of getting together a collection of artistic things for himself and his family, and, once he begins, the passion gradually becomes the absorption of his lifetime.

I wonder how many journeys a collector like Mr. J. G. Johnson, of Philadelphia, who died early this year, made during his long lifetime. One of the busiest and most successful of the great lawyers of America, he was retained by rich corporations, not to see them through a lawsuit, but chiefly to keep them out of litigation altogether. His every minute was worth dollars untold, while nearly every year

he managed to cross the Atlantic and see and discuss what was best on this side, for he had as many friends in London and Paris as in New York and Boston.

Just before the war, *i.e.*, in the spring and early summer of 1914, I made an extended tour through the greatest cities



RAEBURN'S PORTRAIT OF MRS. VERE OF STONEBYRES.

of America, in the Eastern and Middle-West States, and also in Canada, to Montreal and Toronto. This is not the occasion to consider the collections of Canada, although Montreal is one of the great centres where artistic treasures are deposited, and Toronto is following in its enlightened way. I entered the States on this occasion at Detroit, and presently found my way to the wonderful residence of Mr. C. L. Freer who now possesses the finest collection of works by Whistler in the world. Mr. Freer is in every way the embodiment of the highest type of American collector, and he has devoted himself



"THE QUEEN OF THE SWORDS."

(After Sir W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.)

for many years to obtaining for his collection, which will ultimately pass to the State, a thoroughly representative and splendid gallery of pictures by the American master. Mr. Freer, as a typical American, possesses a *flair* for Chinese works of art, as well as for Whistlers, and one of the most interesting collections in America is the result. Of quite another character, but almost equally important, are the collections of Mrs. Torrey and her sister, Mrs. Speck,

who have some of the finest Dutch pictures—Israel's "Ray of Sunshine," Mauve's "The Flock," and others by the Marises and Monticelli; while Corot and the Barbison men, with the splendid "Goose-Girl," by Jean François Millet, are typical examples. Mrs. Speck has also the famous Raeburn, "Mrs. Alexander Campbell."

At Chicago evidences of artistic possessions are equally marked, and Mr. Haskell, the banker, who has vivid memories of the great Chicago conflagration, has some good pictures; while Mrs. Kimball has a relatively small collection, but every work of the highest order. My friend, Mr. Chester Johnson, took me also to see Mr. F. B. Logan's pictures, and the Art Museum itself is one of the greatest importance.

At St. Louis the circles of Mr. Mallinckrodt, Mr. Pettus and Mr. Bixby carry on the light of artistic learning, and at Cincinnati Mr. Charles Taft's collection is worth a whole journey from London to see. In the same city, in Mrs. Emery's house overlooking the extraordinarily picturesque Ohio River, there are pictures of the older masters, Murillo, Van Dyck, Titian as well as of the Barbison men. In the same city resides Mr. Frank Duveneck, to my mind the most capable of the present day American artists. It was at the Art



"THE DELL, HELMINGHAM PARK."

(After Constable.)



Museum of Cincinnati I found the interest of art most clearly understood by the very capable Miss Fishburn, who took great pains to show me the treasures under her care. In Cleveland Mr. Mather, and in Toledo Mr. Libby and Mr. Secor maintain the reputation of their fine collections, while Mr. J. M. Willys has got together a collection, through Mr. Reinhardt, of the choicest and most carefully selected in the Middle-West.

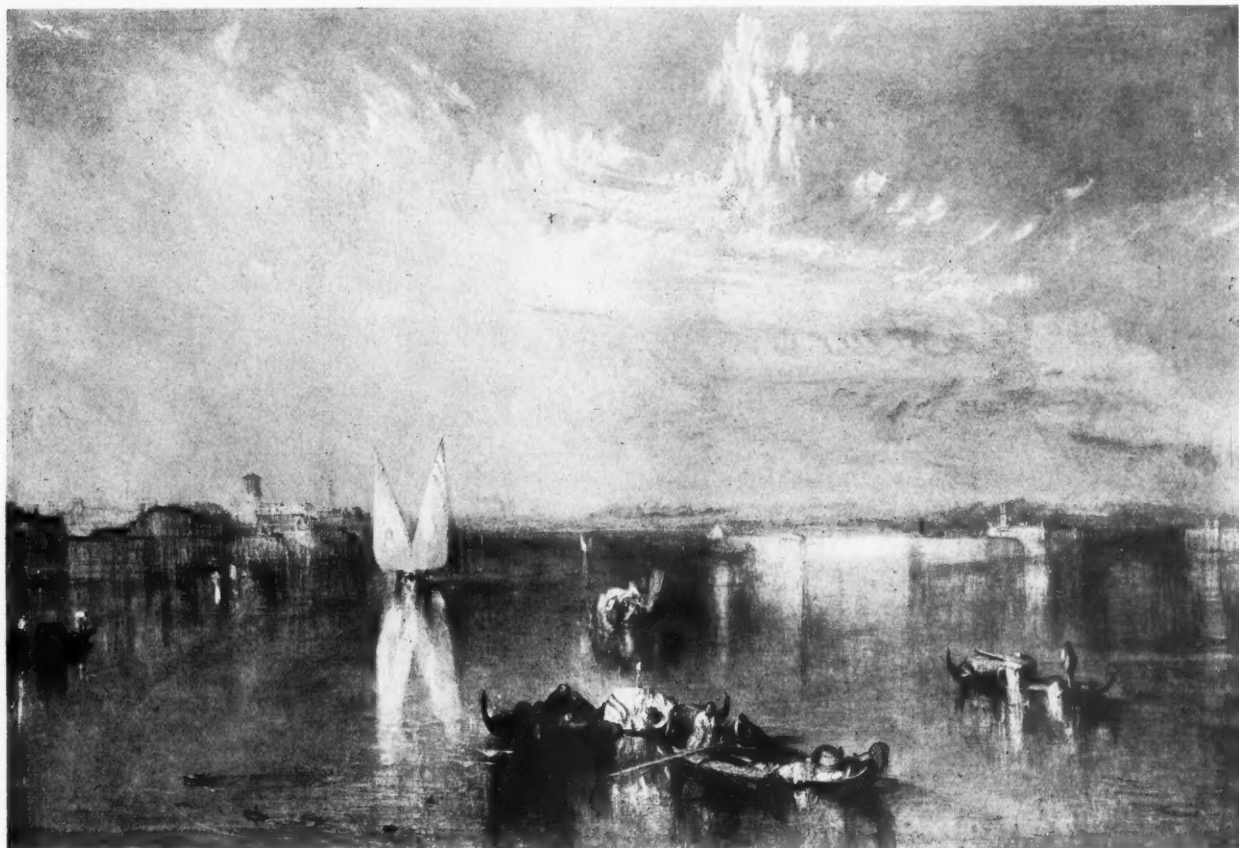
Of the love of art by the Americans, Mr. John G. Johnson was the enthusiastic leader who carried with him Mr. P. A. B. Widener and Mr. Elkins, helping them to form the nucleus of their great collections, while Mr. Joseph Widener has progressed still further by acquiring "The Mill," by Rembrandt, and the "Cowper Madonna," by Raphael. Mr. McFadden's pictures were not visible, and Mr. Stotesbury's house was shut up. Both these collectors are imbued with the purest love of the finest art of the English school.

In Boston Mrs. Gardiner's collection, with many pictures of the earlier Italian school, is housed in the most remarkable private residence in America. The out-

the American collector only wishes to possess pictures which are known publicly to have cost him a large sum of money, but there are not more of this character, in fact, not quite so many as there are in England and on the Continent; while there are a large number who never care to purchase a picture at public auction, so that no one ever really knows what they cost them. A favourite American saying is that if you want to buy a fine picture you can always get it if you are willing to pay 10 per cent. more than anyone else, and do it without delay!

I remember years ago taking a Canadian lover of art into a room in New York, where there were eight pictures, six of them celebrated works by Rembrandt. This Canadian had been told that New York collections were somewhat mixed, and as he walked round this room he said, half to himself: "And this is what they call shoddy New York."

In Fifth Avenue there are many houses which outwardly appear ordinarily good residences, but inside are opulent to the last degree, but almost invariably in a tasteful and restrained manner. In the outer residential cities, at



"CAMPO SANTO, VENICE."

(After Turner.)

side has the appearance of an ordinary large house, but inside it is an exquisitely equipped example of an Italian château.

Space fails to tell of the great collections in New York and surrounding districts, the first of which is now that of Mr. Henry Clay Frick, who just two years ago entered into his splendid new gallery. Mr. Frick's idea has been to acquire superb examples of the greater painters of the last three hundred years, and besides he has pictures by Whistler, the Barbison men and the Dutch modern school, of which the "Windmills and Lock" is a specially fine example and a masterpiece of the artist. Mr. Frick is said to be exercising his powerful influence with other collectors in the West, with the result that the American love of art is likely to go on extending for many a day to come.

In New York, Philadelphia and Boston the principal collections of the United States exist, and it would be possible, by simply making a list of the important pictures and collections, to fill many a page.

In all, in a space of a couple of months, I visited between forty and fifty collections, and almost without exception the owners of these are men and women of the travelled classes who care for artistic treasures for themselves and not for what they cost. A favourite European idea is that

Lakewood, Mr. George Gould has many splendid pictures, and at Lenox, Massachusetts, while Mr. Pater-son has a particularly well selected series of fine pictures, including "The Queen of the Swords," by Sir W. O. Orchardson, which is here illustrated; and also Mr. Proctor of Utica, who has a residence suited to a man who has intimate knowledge of English houses and French châteaux.

The other three pictures which we illustrate—"Campo Santo, Venice," by Turner; "Mrs. Vere, of Stonebyres," by Raeburn; and "The Dell, Helmingham Park," by Constable, are pictures of the first quality which were recently in the hands of Mr. Henry Reinhardt of New York and Chicago, who, with Messrs. Knoedler and Messrs. Duveen, are the great importers of fine pictures in the United States.

In summing up all these somewhat random observations it will be observed that they all tend to the same end, to show the American love of art is operating at the present time, even in war-time.

There are hundreds of people in the United States, as in Europe, to whom the refreshment of a great work of art is like the breath of life, and it is the great solace of their scanty leisure hours in this weary war-time.

# THE NATIONAL GAME RESERVE OF THE UNITED STATES

BY FRANK WALLACE.



ARTIST'S POINT, YELLOWSTONE PARK.

THE Yellowstone National Park, the first of the national game parks and preserves of the United States, is 62 miles long from north to south and 54 miles wide, covering a total area of 3,348 square miles. It is under the jurisdiction of the Secretary of the Interior, and is guarded by a detachment of cavalry from the United States army. The season opens on June 15th and closes on September 15th, during which period the Park Association hotels are open to visitors. The best season to see the wild game which inhabits the Park would undoubtedly be the winter, but it would be necessary to obtain special permission to do this. Nearly every species of American game is represented with the exception of the Rocky Mountain goat, the caribou and the musk ox.

Wapiti, universally miscalled "elk" in America, are perhaps the most plentiful; but they are not easy to see during the summer months, and when I visited the Park I only saw one immature stag in the Hayden Valley. Four years ago their numbers were estimated (in the summer) at 35,000. In the winter they move south through the timber reserve

into the Jackson Hole country. A few years ago Lieutenant-Colonel L. M. Brett, U.S.A. Superintendent of the Yellowstone Park, put the number of wild bison at 49, 10 of these being 1912 calves, a welcome addition which goes to show that the herd will steadily increase. The same authority gives the number of moose as 550; antelope, 500; mountain sheep, 210; mule deer, 400; white-tailed deer, 100; grizzly bears, 50; black bears, 100; pumas, 100; coyotes, 400; eagles, swans,



THE GRAND CANYON, LOOKING EAST.



pelicans, gulls, fish-hawks, wild geese, cranes, owls, magpies, robins, black-birds, larks and other birds are found, and the streams and lakes of this favoured region are well stocked with different varieties of fish. Visitors are allowed to fish with rod and line, but it is hardly necessary to add that firearms are strictly forbidden, and, of course, trapping. All firearms have to be left with the Park guard, who retain possession of them until their owners leave the Park.

The Park is usually entered from the north by the Gardiner Canyon, which is situated a few hundred yards from Gardiner City, Montana. In the interests of the game it would be more satisfactory if the boundaries of the Park were extended to include Gardiner, or that the township itself should be removed. The inhabitants on several occasions, to which I shall refer later, have grossly violated the elementary ethics of good sportsmanship and fair play. A herd of prong-horn antelopes is usually the first sign of game which the visitor sees.

Writing after a lapse of some years, the pictures which remain most clearly impressed on my mind, apart from the animals which I chiefly went to see, are the "Old Faithful" geyser; the obsidian cliff, black, flintlike



F. J. Haynes.

A YELLOWSTONE PARK BEAR.

Copyright.

and gloomy, from which the Indians of our boyhood days obtained many of their warlike implements; the beautiful Hayden Valley, watered by the Yellowstone River, and last, but most impressive of all, the Grand Canyon. It has well been said that this is indescribable. A photograph gives some idea of its grandeur, but no photograph nor picture can give an accurate representation of its extraordinary colouring. Apart from scenery I suppose that

what people chiefly recollect on looking back at their visit are the bears. They are certainly the most amusing beasts, and frequent the garbage heaps of nearly every hotel. One evening at the Grand Canyon there were no fewer than twenty-three silver tips enjoying their dinner at once. Half the number had decamped by the time I reached the place, but the survivors made a sufficiently impressive spectacle.

The bison, as I have already stated, appear to be on the increase. At the time of my visit they were under the care of Buffalo Jones, the same who, with his brother, supplied the Duke of Bedford with seven bison in 1896. The Mammoth Hot Springs herd originated in calves caught by Jones and his brother in Texas. If a two year old was roped, it was



BISON COWS AND THEIR CALVES.

found that he always died before long. Jones said, of a broken heart. This gentleman succeeded in crossing bison with domestic cattle, the cross being known as a "catalo." On the Kaibab Plateau a number of these crosses were produced; but in 1911 practically the whole lot were exterminated by cattle rustlers. Dr. W. T. Hornaday, the Director of the New York Zoological Park, and ex-president of the American Bison Society, writes: "I regard the American bison species as now reasonably secure against extermination," but what a dreadful indictment against the citizens of the United States lies revealed in his statement! To quote this gentleman again: "The history of the wild game of the Yellowstone Park is blackened by two occurrences and one existing fact. The fact is the town of Gardiner is situated on the northern boundary of the Park, in the State of Montana. In Gardiner there are a number of men, armed with rifles, who toward game have the grey-wolf quality of mercy."

The first stain is the massacre of the 270 wild bison for their heads and robes already noted. (They were slaughtered by poachers from 1890-1893 through an inadequate protective force and—then—utterly inadequate game laws.)

The second blot is the equally savage slaughter in the early winter of 1911 by some of the people of Gardiner, reinforced by so-called sportsmen from other parts of the State, of all the Park elk (wapiti) they could kill—bulls, cows and calves—because a large band wandered across the line into the shambles of Gardiner on Buffalo Flats. That such a slaughter was possible even a few years ago in the United States of America cannot, unfortunately, surprise anyone who is *au courant* with matters connected with the preservation of big-game throughout the world. It is a deplorable but perfectly true statement that were it not for Dr. Hornaday and a few men like him the big-game of the United States would as such, in a short time, cease to exist. The Governor of a district belonging to the United States Government, discussing the question of game preservation, is stated to have said: "The preservation of the game should be left to the people inhabiting this district. They will preserve it all right." Experience has shown that, as a rule, such persons look upon the game as their own to do what they like with, and their predilections are almost invariably for slaughter.

## THE GREAT JUNE IRISES

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

**N**OTHING this year has exceeded the splendour of the bearded June irises. The triumphs won by cross-breeding in England, America and France have surprised and delighted even the experts in this paramount species, for thanks to a real roasting in late summer and the fall of last year the rhizomes ripened to perfection, and the delayed blossoming period may also have contributed to their unusual splendour. Now the flowers of France and England are out together in perfection, and rose and iris link their lustres fittingly.

Immense progress has been made with the bearded irises, and so much are the varieties now crossed and recrossed that our authorities of the Royal Horticultural Society contemplate a new system of classification and suggest that henceforth we shall not talk of *Squalens* or *Pallida*, *Neglecta* or *Aphylla*, *Plicata* or *Variegata*, since all these sections are merged and have blended

their best qualities in children far more remarkable than themselves, but propose to marshal our triumphs by their varied colours and their flowering dates. Into groups for April, May and June the bearded irises are now divided, and the grandest group belongs to the present moment.

Nothing is more interesting, when dealing with the hybrids, than to contrast them and their parents, mark what the breeder sought, and measure how far he has succeeded in his quest. A *Vondel* or *Hector* is still good, but contrast *Iris King*, *Black Prince* or *Maori King* with it and we find a nobler habit, increased height, bigger flowers, and far richer and more luminous tints; *Mme. Chereau* continues to be worthy of admiration, but *Ma Mie* exceeds her in every particular of growth, form and distinction; *Thorbecke's* clean white standards and purple falls are charming still, but consider *Rhein-Nixe*, *Cordelia* or *Victorine*. These are twice as large, twice as rich and twice as free as the



JUNE IRISES BY THE LAKESIDE.





THE BEARDED IRISES OF JUNE.

parent, while Mr. A. J. Bliss' gorgeous Dominion, a flower that has passed its Wisley trials with flying colours and is now in the hands of Mr. Robert Wallace, will, when it appears to rejoice England and America after the war, be found so amazing and so far ahead of any bearded iris yet staged that it is hard to connect it with any earlier form. A Gatesii or Lorteti Oncocyclus is not more distinct. Many others also, already known to us, are so novel that the parent blood is hard to trace. Who can see the dingy Squalens in that French masterpiece Isoline, or mark the humble origins of many among the late Sir Michael Foster's triumphs?

It is fitting that in this brief note of the foremost bearded June hybrids we begin with his, since no man has done so much for the iris as he; and more modern and pretentious writings than any of his that since his death have appeared, while carrying on his work, sometimes fail adequately to record the deep obligations under which all who speak of "the Rainbow Flower" lie to him.

Shelford Chieftain, a giant 5ft. high, is a combination of pale and dark blue, second only to Oriflamme, if, indeed, we may not bracket them as equals. The latter has a magnificent spread of fall, and I know of no more splendid lavenders and violets in any flower within our reach. The thickness and breadth of petal, richness of tone and duration of life combine to set it among the first half-dozen of the great bearded irises. Lady Foster is no whit behind. A rosy blue, almost self-coloured iris, it reveals distinctive delicacy and seems to perch on the lofty and spreading stem like a tropic butterfly rather than a blossom. The pale golden beard is a feature.

Sir Michael's Cypriana, now known as Trojana, is of loftier habit than Oriflamme, but shares its splendours, with a finely contrasted light violet standard and deep violet fall. It branches very widely and the great blooms, of which three and four are often out together, stand far apart on the spray. A unique wine red self is Ed. Michel, with standards broad and frilled and wonderful petal texture. It is a child of Pallida, but a giant, and its lustrous colour reminds one more of the Japanese Kämpfers than any flower in its own section. Storm Cloud has been extraordinarily fine also. Its grey and bronze, with strangely mottled fall, wherein purple streaks the slaty texture, are most distinct. No iris was better named. Eldorado grows beside it, and one can thus mark the difference between the diffused tints of the first and the deep heliotrope and gold of the second. Both are large irises and very generous of their wonderful blooms. Goldcrest is somewhat near them in its colour scheme and blossoms as freely, with a rare beard, like a flash of fire on the purple fall. Albert Victor differs only from the true Dalmatica by an added wash of rose on the lavender fall. Both flowers, with their grand glaucous foliage and lofty stems, are magnificent this year, and in Dalmatica we may see an iris species, so beautiful, so fragrant, so perfect in every particular, that no breeder has ever improved upon it. The variety with green and silver

foliage is also exceedingly fine. Its large, self-coloured blossoms are somewhat darker in tone than the species. I remember an immense bed of Dalmatica variegata set round a statue outside the Cascine at Florence, a vision among the fairest iris pictures that Italy has shown me. Another was I. fimbriata in full flower, edging thirty yards of a herbaceous border at Genoa.

The chocolate and gold irises already mentioned—Iris King, Maori King and Black Prince—are near each other and all very grand this year; while Lohengrin, another Pallida, has not been surpassed in its section. It is a large, finely branched flower of cattleya mauve—a shade of magic beauty. Among new and delicate tones, Ringdove reigns supreme—an iridescent wonder of beautiful form and fine habit; while another sweet offspring of Pallida is the amethystine Hon. Mrs. T. Kingscote, a dainty beauty of palest rosy lavender. Ma Mie is a super-Chereau, with bright blue frills and fine petals; while two very great irises, raised by Mr. Yeld of York, are Lord of June, a rare combination of lavender and violet, and Neptune, near the first in colour harmony, but a giant in stature, which exceeds four feet when well grown. Alcazar resembles it; while Isoline, a hybrid from France, resembles nothing but itself. It is fitting that the flower of France in this startling form should have been created on French soil. The parent was doubtless Squalens, but to compare that archaic and dingy little drab with the gorgeous Isoline is to set a crab-apple beside Blenheim Orange. Isoline reminds me of some wonder from the cliffs of Lebanon or Caucasus. There mingle in its immense uprights and broad falls all pale shades of auburn and sepia and rose. The beard is of bright gold. I have haunted the magnificent thing for a week and yet know not how fittingly to describe its glory.

Of the whites, Florentina and Albicans—the flower that spreads its purity on Oriental graves—are past; but a good June iris is Innocenza, with ivory petals and pure rich yellow beard. Kashmir White, however, is a far grander thing of exquisite snowy purity and great size: one of Sir Michael Foster's masterpieces.

Yellows are rare, and Dawn, a beautiful blend of sulphur and orange, is the finest that I know. Its amber throat and better colour mark it clearly from the best Flavescens.

So one names the aristocrats of the section, and, indeed, not all of those; Crusader, for example, cannot be left out of the smallest section. But a glimpse of these will fire the collector to follow America's excellent example and discard earlier types for the newer flowers. There is no comparison possible between them and, for once, we shall not do wrong to seek some new thing at the expense of its lesser progenitors, who have served their turn and may now be dismissed from our borders with a blessing.

Man has availed himself of the great laws of evolution in mightier matters than the iris; but in no theatre of his unsleeping efforts has he created purer beauty or wakened for flower-lovers a truer joy than among the bearded irises of June.

# CORRESPONDENCE

## BEES OF TREBIZOND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to the correspondence in recent issues as to the alleged poisonous properties of honey made from rhododendrons at Trebizond, I have by chance just come across the following observations in Bacon's "Sylva Sylvarum," published after the author's death, in 1628. "Sugar hath put downe the use of Honey; in so much as wee have lost those *Observations*, and *Preparations of Honey*, which the *Ancients* had, when it was more in Price. First, it seemeth that there was, in old time, *Tree-Honey*, as well as *Bee-Honey*; which was the *Teare or Bloud* issuing from the *Tree*: In so much as one of the *Ancients* relateth, that in *Trebisond*, there was *Honey* issuing from the *Box-Trees*, which made *Men Mad*." No doubt conditions would have been reversed in these days and honey would have put down the use of sugar had it not been for the dreaded Isle of Wight disease which has carried off our stocks of bees at an alarming rate. But the point of peculiar interest is the source of the honey of Trebizond. Whereas Bacon says the honey was issuing from the box-trees, the reference in COUNTRY LIFE, April 7th, 1917, page 364, states that the honey was made by bees from the flowers of azalea po tica which is known to grow in quantity on the steep hills around Trebizond.

"... those bees of Trebizond,  
Which, from the sunniest flowers  
that glad  
With their pure smile the garden  
round,  
Draw venoms forth that drive  
men mad!"

It is certain that these lines from Xenophon's "Retreat of the Ten Thousand" cannot apply to box-tree honey recorded by the Ancients and referred to by Bacon. Your correspondent, John Watson, issue May 12th, page 484, draws attention to the warning in the Book of the Proverbs, chapter xxv, verse 16. This verse contains a wise precaution for men not to indulge in intemperance, such as eating too much honey though they may have opportunities of feasting on dainties, which occasionally fall in their way, and cost them nothing. The temptation of eating too much honey is not likely to come the way of many in this country for some time to come, but it would be interesting to know what is meant by the tree-honey of the Ancients.—H. C.

## THE GAME OF BOWLS IN SCOTLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—It is somewhat surprising to find that, until quite recently, the Game of Bowls failed to attain to any degree of popularity north of the Grampians. Not more than sixty years have elapsed since greens were first formed in the Land of Bens, and it has been within the last three decades that they have come to be regarded as an essential adjunct to every large town. Nineteen or twenty years ago the old Inverness Bowling Club was the only organisation of its kind which existed between Nairn and Thurso, but to-day there are several such societies between Inverness and Tain. The game has taken a firm hold in Ross-shire, where several excellent greens, designed on the most approved and up-to-date principles, have lately been formed. The province of Moray has developed into an important bowling centre, and interesting and exciting tournaments are arranged from time to time by the different clubs established within its borders. The skill displayed at these contests is usually of a high order, and has commanded the admiration of many of the foremost exponents of the game. As is well known, bowls were introduced into Scotland from England in the second half of the seventeenth century, the first green being laid out in Glasgow in 1695. The pastime seems to have "caught on" almost from the outset. Less than a century later the kirk session of the city found it necessary to warn the faithful against following this form of recreation on Sunday. At first the bowls were made of stone; and it is on record that, in 1657, Lord Lorn, son of the Marquess of Argyll, was struck senseless by one of these "stone bullets" in Edinburgh Castle. It is generally believed that he was engaged in bowling when he met with the accident, but this view is open to doubt. Writing less than twelve months after the event, Principal Baillie of Glasgow University states that Lord Lorn was a prisoner in Edinburgh Castle, and that as he was "walking about while the lieutenant of the stronghold with others are playing hand bullets, one of them, rebounding off the wall, strikes him on the head, whereon he fell down dead and speechless

for a long time." Bowls are not made to rebound off walls! It was not till 1893 that the game was made the subject of uniform rules in Scotland. These were formulated by the Scottish Bowling Association, a society which bears to bowls the same relation that the Royal and Ancient Club of St. Andrews does to golf.—ANGUS HENDERSON.

## A NIGHT FLIGHT OF LARKS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be glad if any correspondent of yours could tell me what the author of "By What Authority" refers to when speaking about Easter morning, he says: "Suddenly the breathing silence was broken by a ripple of melody and another joined, and another, and Isabel looked and wondered and listened, for she had never heard before the music of the mysterious night flight of the larks all soaring and singing together when the rest of the world is all asleep." I know that skylarks may often be heard in full summer before daybreak, and Gilbert White mentions woodlarks, nightingales and the "less reed-sparrow" (perhaps this is the sedge-warbler?) as three night singers, but this Easter "exaltation" of larks is quite fresh to me.—A.

## A FEATHERED THIEF.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I am enclosing with this a photograph which seems to me unique, for it is of a jay which has discovered a nest full of eggs in an old tree. The owners of the nest happened to be absent, and he was just about to attack the eggs when the camera caught him.—EDWARD HANDS.

## CUCKOO PROVERBS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Would these old proverbs regarding cuckoos be worth printing? According to folk-lore, after St. John's Day the cuckoo turns into a hawk! and the cuckoo sucks little birds' eggs to make her voice clear: "The first cock o' hay frights the cuckoo away." Woe betide you if you do not turn your money in your pocket upon first hearing this bird. In Yorkshire this bird influences a riculture:

"When cuckoo calls on the bare thorn

Sell your cow and buy your corn.

Here, too, is a farmer's proverb, the interpretation of which is self evident:

"Cuckoo oats and woodcock hay  
Make a farmer run away"

—A. H.

## TRAYS FOR FRUIT DRYING.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—With reference to your article in last week's COUNTRY LIFE as to fruit drying, I should be much obliged if you can tell me where it is possible to get the trays for the drying season.—MARY G. C. HINCKS.

[The manufacture of the trays is so simple that they can easily be constructed at home or to order at any ironmonger's. A length of stout wire should be bent to the required size and shape and the ends spliced together, wire-netting of fine mesh being then cut to fit and wired into place.—Ed.]

## THE GIRL LABOURER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Is the following "skit" on girl labourers sufficiently humorous for a place in your columns?

### THE WOES AND WORRIES OF A WAR WORKER.

There was a young lady said "How  
Shall I ever get on with this cow!  
She swishes her tail,  
And won't fill the pail,  
Did anyone milk such a cow!"

There was a young lady said "Weeds!  
Oh! don't I just know what it needs  
To go weeding for hours!  
And how it oft sours  
My temper when some fiend shouts 'Weeds.'"

KITTIWAKE.



CAUGHT IN THE ACT.